The

No. 338 (New Series), Vol. 7. September 10, 1938

TWOPENCE

PASSING SHOW

Beginning—

SAVARAN SERIAL

AUTUMN NUMBER

HAROLD LAURANCE In EVERY MAN in the BRITISH EMPIRE

from **16** *to* **60** *years of age to*

BE a SUPER "fitness

Here is a clarion call to every man—

a golden opportunity for all between the ages of 16 and 60 to gain glorious health, wonderful strength and superlative physique in 1938.

Harold Laurance—world-famous for his astounding success in converting weak men of all ages into "Supermen"—offers his great "WORLD-BEATER" course of home training on unprecedented terms.

HAROLD LAURANCE
Triple Undefeated Strength Champion of GT. BRITAIN

Official Olympic Games Representative

★

for only **1/-** **PER WEEK**

he guarantees to give to every one who enrols for his course **Radiant Health, Superlative Physique, Mighty Strength, Virile Masculinity** and **Dominating Personality!**

Nothing like the "WORLD-BEATER" course has ever before been seen. Simple to follow with no special diets and requiring in some cases only 10 minutes and never more than 20 minutes of time every day, it can lift the weakest, thinnest man from physical mediocrity to the very pinnacle of perfection. It shows pupils how to rid themselves for ever of such troublesome complaints as indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad circulation, anæmia, pimples, bad breath, etc. It teaches the care of the vital organs so that perfect health may be preserved throughout life. It reveals the true secrets of respiratory power and scientific muscle-manipulation. It directs the pupil how to systematically increase his body-weight where desired and increase his muscular development to the very limit of his possibilities. Every pupil is under the personal care of Harold Laurance; each lesson is personally prescribed to suit the pupil's individual requirements; every pupil is supplied with a splendid assortment of apparatus FREE; and every pupil is guaranteed SUCCESS under Harold Laurance's amazing declaration :—

"Enrol for my 'WORLD-BEATER' course," he says, "complete the 8 lessons, and if, at the end of that period you are not completely satisfied that you have reached 'Supermanity,' I WILL CONTINUE TO TRAIN YOU AND SUPPLY APPARATUS—WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER—UNTIL YOU ARE FULLY SATISFIED."

As an extra incentive and encouragement to pupils Harold Laurance also offers in addition to the Priceless Gifts of Perfect Health and Physical Strength, £1,000 in prizes for progress on the "WORLD-BEATER" course. Every pupil has nine separate chances to win one of the monthly awards, including prizes of £10, £5, £1, Medals and Diplomas, besides a chance to win the larger awards of £100, £25 and £15 for progress over the entire course.

No other Physical Director has ever dared to make such an offer—because no other Physical Director has ever achieved such an astonishing record of success.

Many "Passing Show" Readers have already won splendid Prizes WHY NOT YOU?

More than 90% of Harold Laurance pupils report prize-winning progress!!!

TO ENCOURAGE THE MAN IN THE PURSUIT OF HAROLD LAU

£1,000 IN PRIZES

★ Two
★ Two
★ Two

TO PUPILS OF HIS "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE

★ Every Pupil taking the "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE at **1/-** per week is eligible for the Grand Award of **£100.** Every pupil has 9 separate chances of winning **£10, £5, £1,** a Medal or a Diploma. The same pupil can win an unlimited number of awards month by month.

★ The prizes will be awarded on the progress reported.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS

vites . . . MAN THIS AUTUMN

THE "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE OF HOME TRAINING

so phenomenally successful for over 45,000 men between the ages of 16 and 60, including eminent Doctors, members of the Army, Navy and Air Force, Professional Men, Business Men, Clerical and Manual Workers, Golfers, Footballers—in fact, Men in every walk of life—and which

WILL GIVE YOU

★RADIANT HEALTH ★PERFECT PHYSIQUE ★VIRILE MANHOOD ★MENTAL POWER
★MIGHTY STRENGTH ★SELF CONFIDENCE ★MAGNETIC PERSONALITY ★TIRELESS ENERGY

UNDER A SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE AND ALL APPARATUS FREE

wins"

HOOD OF THE COUNTRY PHYSICAL FITNESS RANCE OFFERS—

1st PRIZES of £100
2nd PRIZES of £25
3rd PRIZES of £10

EVERY MONTH A CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF 157 PRIZES OF £10, £5, £1, also Medals and Diplomas

by postal pupils in relation to each pupil's original measurements on joining. Thus, all have a fair and equal chance.

★ The Judges under this offer are Editor of "Health & Strength," Geo. Walsh, and Frank Miles.

POST COUPON ⟶

THE
'WORLD-BEATER' ★ COURSE ★

apart from creating fine physique and exceptional strength is specially and personally adapted by Mr. Laurance for those who require it to give

POSITIVE AND LASTING FREEDOM FROM

★ Indigestion
★ Constipation
★ "Nerves"
★ Catarrh
★ Lack of Energy
★ Colds and Coughs
★ Anæmia
★ Circulatory Disorders
★ Obesity
★ Underweight
★ Inferiority Complex

and is, indeed, the ideal way in which to be rid of these and many other common but troublesome ailments.

★ **The Apparatus, which is sent FREE to every pupil, is the simplest, yet most effective, requiring NO FIXING OR FITTING, and can be used in the smallest space . . . it includes . . .**

THE "LAURANCE STAMINATOR"

—THE GREATEST BODY-BUILDING APPLIANCE OF ALL TIME AND ACCLAIMED BY EMINENT DOCTORS, SPINAL DEVELOPERS, WRIST UNITS, TRIPLE RESISTANCE UNITS, ETC.

★ THE "World-Beater" Course consists of 8 complete lessons. Pupils are taught how to overcome common ailments—indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad breath, pimples, anaemia, etc. Detailed instructions are given on weakening complaints and habits. There is no special diet, but pupils are shown how to double the value of ordinary foods. The newly-evolved and wonderfully effective tendon strengthening movements are included. Special instructions in scientific muscle-manipulation, the control of nervous energy, the strengthening of the vital organs and the preparation of the body for maximum muscular development are all part of this gigantic course. The range of scientific exercises for the rapid development of great strength and muscular symmetry is the greatest and most comprehensive ever compiled. The "WORLD-BEATER" Course transcends in positive value and amazing effectiveness anything that the world has seen before.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

SEIZE THIS—YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR 1938.

★ Please send me free of cost or obligation particulars of your "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE which I can obtain for 1/- a week, and details of your £1,000 Prize Offer.

★ Also Free Copy of your interesting fully-illustrated book "Supermanity," together with prospectus of the Laurance Institute and a FREE Presentation Copy of your specially reproduced and autographed Prize Winning Pose Photographs.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Passing Show, 10/9/38.....

Post to—HAROLD LAURANCE,
Laurance Institute of Health & Stamina, Ltd.,
Ludgate House, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4
Post in Unsealed ½d. STAMPED envelope

PEPSODENT BRINGS A NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR TEETH ..IRIUM!

WHAT IS IRIUM? Irium is a scientific cleanser. It is a new discovery, and research chemists have proved that it can dissolve that unpleasant greasy coating on teeth better than soap, the usual detergent used in dentifrices. But Irium has none of soap's alkaline drawbacks. So it will get rid of unsightly stains on your teeth in a very short time — completely and safely. Together with Pepsodent's safe, non-scratching polishing agent, it will give your teeth sparkle and make them brighter than ever before.

Use PEPSODENT Tooth Paste because of IRIUM

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER HAS IRIUM TOO!

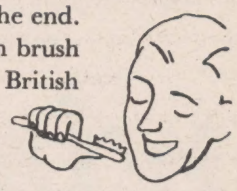
E71-F-H

but don't forget your HALEXERCISE

Healthy exercise is just as important for your mouth as for the rest of your body. The springy bristles of Halex Toothbrushes give your teeth and gums just the exercise they need.

THREE SHAPES AT A SHILLING

—short-head, long-head and one with a tuft at the end. Other prices 6d to 2/-. Nine shapes in all. Each brush hygienically sealed, made in England by The British Xylonite Company Ltd., Hale End, London, E.4.



HALEX TRADE MARK **TOOTHBRUSHES**

for your first exercise in the morning and your last exercise at night

Can YOU Play The Piano Really Well

And Read Music Readily at sight?

If You Cannot

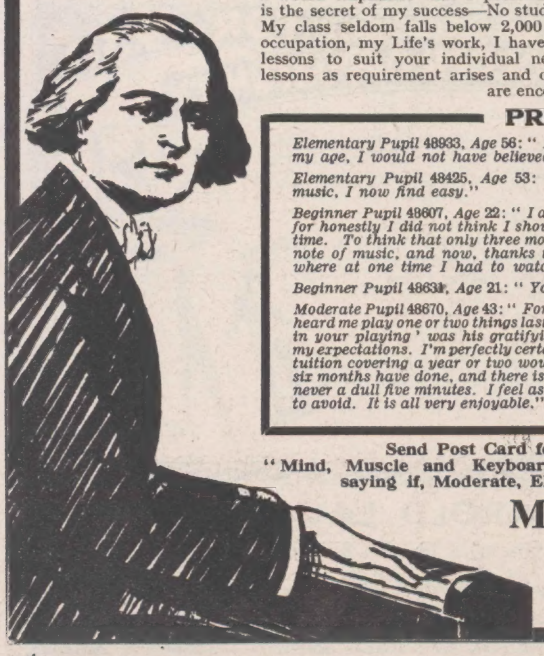
let me show you how rapidly and enjoyably you may acquire this delightful accomplishment and great social asset.

DON'T LET any prospect of long and tiresome mechanical practice deter you. During 34 years I have taught **BY POST,** without such mechanical drudgery over 49,000 adults to master the Piano, to the delight of themselves and of their friends. I can give you convincing evidence of their enthusiasm and satisfaction.

I TAUGHT THEM AND I CAN TEACH YOU

THE LESSONS are Modern, Original, Musicianly Teaching from Ordinary Music, no freakish methods, and arranged by me personally to suit your individual needs, from Advanced Players to Absolute Beginners. If you are of ordinary intelligence I can teach you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition! You shall very quickly be able to play Songs, Dances, Hymns, and Gems from the Great Masters. This may read strangely to you—but I invite you to investigate my claims. It will cost you nothing to do so.

I would emphasise that I personally teach every pupil I enrol—This is the secret of my success—No student is relegated to a deputy teacher. My class seldom falls below 2,000 pupils. Teaching these is my sole occupation, my Life's work, I have no time for any other. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged.



PROOF

Elementary Pupil 48933, Age 56: "I am amazed at the results. Considering my age, I would not have believed it possible."

Elementary Pupil 48425, Age 53: "What once seemed so complicated in music, I now find easy."

Beginner Pupil 49607, Age 22: "I am very pleased indeed with your System for honestly I did not think I should make so much progress in so short a time. To think that only three months ago I could not read or even play a note of music, and now, thanks to your System, I really enjoy playing, where at one time I had to watch others."

Beginner Pupil 48631, Age 21: "Your method of tuition is splendid."

Moderate Pupil 48670, Age 43: "For the first time for some weeks my husband heard me play one or two things last evening. 'There's a mighty improvement in your playing' was his gratifying comment. This course is far beyond my expectations. I'm perfectly certain from my past experience that ordinary tuition covering a year or two wouldn't have got me nearly as far as these six months have done, and there is no drudgery in this purposeful practice, never a dull five minutes. I feel as if I know what I'm aiming at, and what to avoid. It is all very enjoyable."

Send Post Card for my free booklet "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice saying if, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER
(Dept. 366)
69, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Your Work— AND Your Pay

This is the London Headquarters of the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Facts About the I.C.S.

Branches in 30 countries; students in 50. More than 875,000 British students have enrolled.

The Admiralty and other State Depts. have made special arrangements with I.C.S. for training of men.

More than 1,000 text-books, prepared by the I.C.S. in London for postal teaching, are marvels of clearness, accuracy and practical helpfulness.

80 Instructors at Kingsway, many of them Associates, Members or Fellows of their respective technical bodies. All are specialists.

400 Courses of Instruction, including one for YOU.

The size of your salary largely depends on what you know and therefore can do. The more you know, the greater your pay.

Success is based on trained ability. Unless you have studied IN YOUR SPARE TIME, you have little chance of promotion, for knowledge acquired in everyday work is not enough.

You must know the principles underlying your work and be familiar with the many processes closely related to that work. The one and only means of obtaining such knowledge is specialized study.

If you have not yet had a specialized training, you should start to get one without delay. Or perhaps your knowledge has become a little out of date and needs modernizing. In either case the I.C.S. can help you. *Our expert advice on any matter concerning your work and your career is yours for the asking—free and without obligation.*

Write for Special Free Booklet on any of these Subjects or use the coupon below

Advertising	Display	Motor Engineering
Aeronautical Eng.	Dressmaking	Radio
Agriculture	Electrical Engineering	Salesmanship
Architecture	General Education	Sanitary Engineering
Building Construction	Horticulture	Scientific Management
Chemical Engineering	Insurance	Service Examinations
Commercial Art	Journalism	Short-Story Writing
Commercial Lettering, etc.	Marine Engineering	Surveying
Commercial Training	Mechanical Engineering	Textile Manufacturing
Civil Engineering	Mining	Woodworking

These booklets include details of Courses for various Examinations

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
Dept. 168, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Please send Special Free Booklet on.....

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

I.C.S.

THIS PAGAN HEALTH.

Why is it that, in symbolising healthy nerves, we can find no finer examples than the real and mythical figures of pagan days? How seldom to-day, in office or shop, train or street, does one see a man or woman exuberant with nervous energy.

"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

Medical science, brilliant as are its achievements, is the first to acknowledge that it has still vast territories to conquer. But one thing is basic in modern preventive medicine—adequate organic phosphorus and proteid are essential for nerves and blood. This is just what 'Sanatogen' supplies—better, more quickly and permanently than any other tonic food yet discovered. 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and proteid in their most easily assimilable forms. 'Sanatogen' is not new: for more than a quarter of a century its supremacy has remained unchallenged. *And 25,000 doctors have vouched for this supremacy in writing.*

'Sanatogen' will repair worn nerves: strengthen enfeebled blood: give you the extra vitality that alone can make you immune from most minor ills. 'Sanatogen' will do these things, and more—it will give you the abounding energy that enables you to enjoy each moment of your work and leisure.

Live up to life this Summer: take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate (Trade Mark)

THE NERVE TONIC FOOD

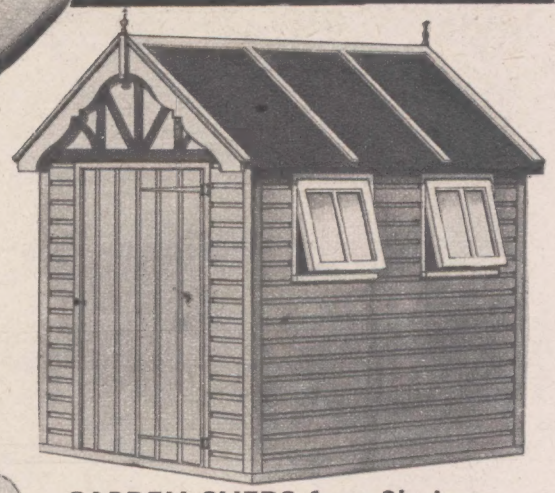
Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., and denotes their famous brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. A 'GENATOSAN' product made by GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

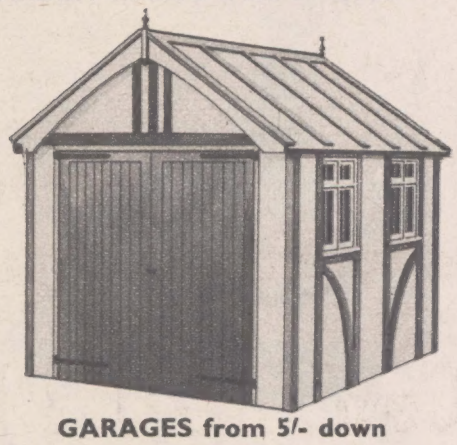
M & C

SALE

THORNS PORTABLE BUILDINGS



GARDEN SHEDS from 2/- down

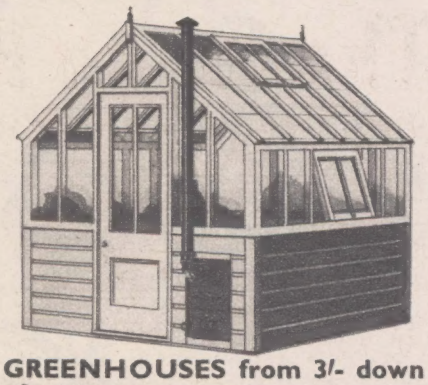


GARAGES from 5/- down

Write To-day for FREE Catalogues

GARDEN SHEDS	9.S
GARAGES	9.G
GREENHOUSES ...	9.H
AVIARIES	9.Z
ARMY HUTS, ETC.	9.M

Get your catalogue at once. This is your opportunity to secure genuine Thorns buildings at Sale Prices. All sectional for easy erection. Complete, fully guaranteed, and Carriage Paid. Order now for Cash or on Confidential Monthly Terms.



GREENHOUSES from 3/- down

GARDEN SHELTERS AVIARIES

"ARMY HUT" BUILDINGS, PAVILIONS, BUNGALOWS Etc.

OTHER DESIGNS AT SALE PRICES.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	Down &	M'thly
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	40/-	3/6	3/7
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	55/-	3/9	5/-
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	60/-	4/-	5/5
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	70/-	4/6	6/4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	85/-	4/9	7/9

SPLENDID FIREPROOF GARAGES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	Down &	M'thly
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	96/-	6/-	8/9
10ft.	7ft.	8 ft.	132/6	7/-	12/1
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	159/6	8/-	14/6
14ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	182/6	9/-	16/8
16ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	207/6	10/-	18/11

SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	Down &	M'thly
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	57/6	3/-	5/2
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	64/6	3/6	5/10
8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	82/6	4/-	7/6
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	87/6	4/6	7/11
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	133/6	5/-	12/2

SPAN ROOF AVIARIES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	Down &	M'thly
6ft.	3ft.	5ft.	55/6	3/6	5/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	75/-	5/-	6/10
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	82/6	6/-	7/6
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	92/6	7/3	8/5
8ft.	6ft.	6ft.	110/6	8/3	10/1

ALL DELIVERED FREE or Carriage Paid England and Wales

A NOVICE CAN ERECT ANY THORNS BUILDING

THORNS

Portable Buildings *Est. 1896.*

J. THORN & SONS LTD., Box 9, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

'PHONE - - - BEXLEYHEATH - 305.

There are 101 ways of Expending Energy But only ONE best way to replace it!

LIFE is strenuous during the Summer months. There is so much to do in the extra hours of daylight—so many calls on your energy. This is all to the good if you make sure that the energy you expend is quickly and completely replaced.

For this reason proper nourishment and sleep of the *right* kind are most essential at this season. Sleep is the time of repair and restoration—when strength is renewed and energy stored up.

There is nothing like a bed-time cup of 'Ovaltine' for ensuring energy-creating and restorative sleep.

'Ovaltine' results are obtained only with 'Ovaltine'

'Ovaltine' is not only the surest inducer of sleep, but is also the most complete form of nutriment for rebuilding body, brain and nerves *while* you sleep.

'Ovaltine' supplies the revitalising elements of Nature's finest foods—malt, milk and eggs. Although they are expensive, new-laid eggs are liberally used because they provide important nerve-building and nutritive properties without which no tonic food beverage would be complete.

From every point of view—quality, health-giving value and economy—'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself. There is nothing like it. Reject substitutes.

Drink delicious

Ovaltine

-and note the Difference!

P433A

The PASSING SHOW
No. 338 Vol. 7 SEPTEMBER 10, 1938

THE DEVIL COMES ABOARD

Savaran, the great adventurer, in a full-length serial novel packed with the fastest of thrills, the fiercest of daring and the blazing rhythm of high romance

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. C. MICHAEL

The lean man yanked the pistol from his hand and stunned him with his own butt

IN the Street of the Rose Bower, at the point where the stench of the hide market masters even the bouquet of Kjweli's drains, a lithe-limbed beggar, hiding his face in the hood of Africa's most tattered *djellaba*, stopped a *hakim* to ask the way to the house of the illustrious Kadi Jilbis el Sifr.

Under his green, Mecca turban, the face of the holy man had the geniality of the kindest breed of bearded uncle. Nevertheless, at the simple request the eyes goggled venom and in four well-considered words the beggar was consigned to the most painful torture chamber of Eblis for even uttering that name. The illustrious magistrate, el Sifr, was plainly not Kjweli's Popular Citizen No. 1. Still the beggar seemed more pleased than offended.

"Pray a hangman's blessing on me then, O Well Filled Sack of Virtue, and hasten with joy he who has Allah's own gift for exterminating vermin," he said, with cheerful ferocity, while from the shadow of the hood came a flash of teeth so white and wolfish that the *hakim* stammered directions in haste and fled, certain he had encountered Shaitan himself on the way to collect his own.

Not that he was far wrong. The beggar not only had the air of a stalking Lucifer, but the intent. He was vengeance on the way, and the illustrious—and unsuspecting—Kadi el Sifr, merchant in money, intrigue, arms, slaves, drugs and such assorted dirt, was the man who was going to regret it. That two warrants for his hanging ran in Kjweli City in no way blunted the strange beggar's zest. Was he not Savaran, known from Tunis to Table Bay as—among many things—the Whip of Kings, the Fear of Rogues and the Heartbreak of Journeyman Jailers?

His limby stride swung him through the otto of hides and across the Great Sok beyond, his garish figure melting into the market crowds with an Agag-like genius at the mere hint of a *dogari* (policeman). On the other side of the market he plunged into the kennel-like alleys leading uphill to the citadel quarter, until he reached the Little Sok under the towering walls of the *kasbah* itself.

It was more a pleasance than a market, for it was set about with the great houses and walled gardens of the wealthy, and shaded by close rows of sweet-smelling trees. Here was all the decorum proper to the larger swindlings of rich men. A dignified traffic in fine leather, inlaid weapons, silks and goldsmithy went sleepily forward. Plump usurers lolled in inviting doorways, while the higher fancies of drug smuggling and other viciousness could be attained without vulgar publicity. A place of gracious peace. The lazy tapping of a coffin-maker under the citadel gave it almost the air of an ante-room to paradise.

HALF way across, the beggar halted sharply amid the gold chequer of leaves—he simply could not believe in the woman who had come out of the largest house on the far side.

Kjweli is no home for houris. Its name indicates that its inhabitants eat salt with the wrong hand; that is, are debased desperadoes and eternally damned. Actually the name is too kind. Kjweli owes its being as a moral blight to a single sun-scorched hill standing in a region of swamp and desert; its continued existence to a sand spit that provides the only decent anchorage on 400 miles of storm-gouged coast, and its immunity from the exactions of virtue to the jealousy of the Mandatory Powers, who prefer to let it fester in sin and independence rather than allow any one of themselves to take it over.

It is, therefore, a sump hole into which drains a certain amount of trade from its arid littoral, the conspiracies of all Africa and the off-scourings of a world of crooks. It elects its own Wali Kadi and runs a *dogari* police, but mainly to protect its own brand of illegality against intruding criminals, whom it wipes out with swiftness and blood. Since the local inhabitants are thus too deadly for any but finished experts, all but master villains keep clear of the city. White men visit it only at perilous necessity—and white women never.

Yet it was a white woman the ragged man was

(*please turn over*)

now seeing. A white girl, rather; a well-built, bravely moving creature in the fluent vigour of her early twenties; a girl with the cool, arrogant handsomeness that only Anglo-Saxon high-breeding can produce; a queen among women who made Savaran's eyes widen and shine. At all times quickened by women as much as war, her presence in this city had the quality of an incredible apparition.

She was either unaware of it or, with the disdain of her kind, utterly indifferent. She moved, cool and white, out into the steamy heat of the Sok, even her garments looking like flawless models of what the Best People should wear in a temperature of over a hundred in the shade.

Behind her were two white men of the same well-creased breed. Both were young; one narrow, compact, tanned, with the whip-cord air and carefully emotionless good looks of a cavalryman. The other younger, thicker-set, taller; in him the comeliness of the girl had been turned into a pleasant ugliness. He was plainly her brother, as high-bred, but a more affable and ingenuous article.

The amazing trio moved into the gold-dappled shadows of the Sok, utterly indifferent to the unsavoury beggars who immediately began to cluster about them. Only the brother seemed disturbed at the swiftness with which the rabble accumulated out of the shadows and began to hem them in—yet not so acutely as Savaran.

His lean form became tense and his hands slipped instinctively under his robes to his pistol butt. His trained eyes saw something more than a casual massing of vagrants and, as usual, his instinct was right. Abruptly the riff-raff cohered into a mob and, with the girl between them, the two Englishmen were fighting for life.

Savaran moved forward a couple of steps, then stopped with a sardonic laugh. He who was lord of many fights saw something odd in this one. The dark-skinned riff-raff, while making all the motions of a holy war, did it with empty hands. Where the fanatic blood of Africa should express itself with sticks, knives and guns, these natives were taking on the accursed Rumi with naked fists.

That was not only unnatural, it indicated some sly, double-crossing plot, probably planned by the merchant whose house they had just left. It was also a stupid one. When it came to fists, white men knew all the punches. The boy swung and hooked like an expert and if his companion lacked his slaughterhouse gusto, his neat finish was quite as deadly. When either hit, someone was always sorry, while in the wild *melee* of such an attack their cool discipline gave them the advantage. Weedy ruffians, dropping like pole-axed cattle, or doubling and staggering in pain, hampered and confused the attack.

And all the time the girl remained calm, not flustering her men either by cries or panic movements, but, suiting herself to their tactics, moved with them steadily back towards the door they had left. A beauty as admirable as her looks, Savaran decided, and moved closer to the fight.

He knew what this one-sided face banging must mean. Thin tropic blood must grow savage under hurts. A wiry, one-eyed negro in a red turban, hovering on the edge of the fracas, like a man seeking his opportunity, screamed viciously for quicker action. Startlingly, knives flashed and sticks swung. The elder white man reeled against the girl; a patch of blood showed on the boy's arm; the girl broke her silence with a sharp cry, but of anger, not fear.

Savaran was already among the riff-raff. Spidery arms were shooting out with astonishing zest, gathering necks and cracking skulls with gusto, tossing the limp residue against the mass with his always unexpected strength. He went through the crowd like a reaping machine through grain, and the inspired ferocity of his warring swept like a wind of fear through the mob. Then a stick knocked the hood from the eagle face. A man yelped "Zavarani!" A name of power, obviously, for immediately the crowd melted into the dappled shadows like smoke.

The girl found herself looking into the face of a tall, scarecrow of a man, with the air of a laughing Lucifer. But she still kept her nerve. Supporting the half-stunned cavalryman with her strong young arm, she cried imperatively:

"My bag. A one-eyed negro . . . red turban snatched it. . . . Get it . . . vital. . . ."

The eagle-faced man had not overlooked the one-eyed negro and his intentions. The bright eyes swept the Sok, caught a glimpse of speeding red, loosed a flash of teeth, dazzling white in that dark face, at the girl and was gone.

The one-eyed negro took a strange route for a bolting thief. Dodging from the Little Sok by a side alley, he doubled parallel with it at the first turning. Instead of trying to leave it behind he seemed actually to be heading towards the house the girl had left.

Not that he reached it. While still a hundred yards away, he had the sensation of a panther loping after him and, looking round, saw the beggar at his heels. He leapt like a cat into an angle of the walls, facing about with an ugly automatic pistol in his hand. The beggar stopped before him and laughed. It was a laugh whose mocking ferocity chilled all Africa. It chilled the one-eyed. His trigger finger went to water as the beggar said, with iron contempt:

"Fire that, O Mangy Dog of the Eternally Misbegotten, and I pluck your liver out and feed it to the crows."

"Who are you?" the negro mumbled.

"Kings know my name without asking and scum tremble at it," the bizarre man said, with genial zest. "It is not a thing to bandy with, you of the stews."

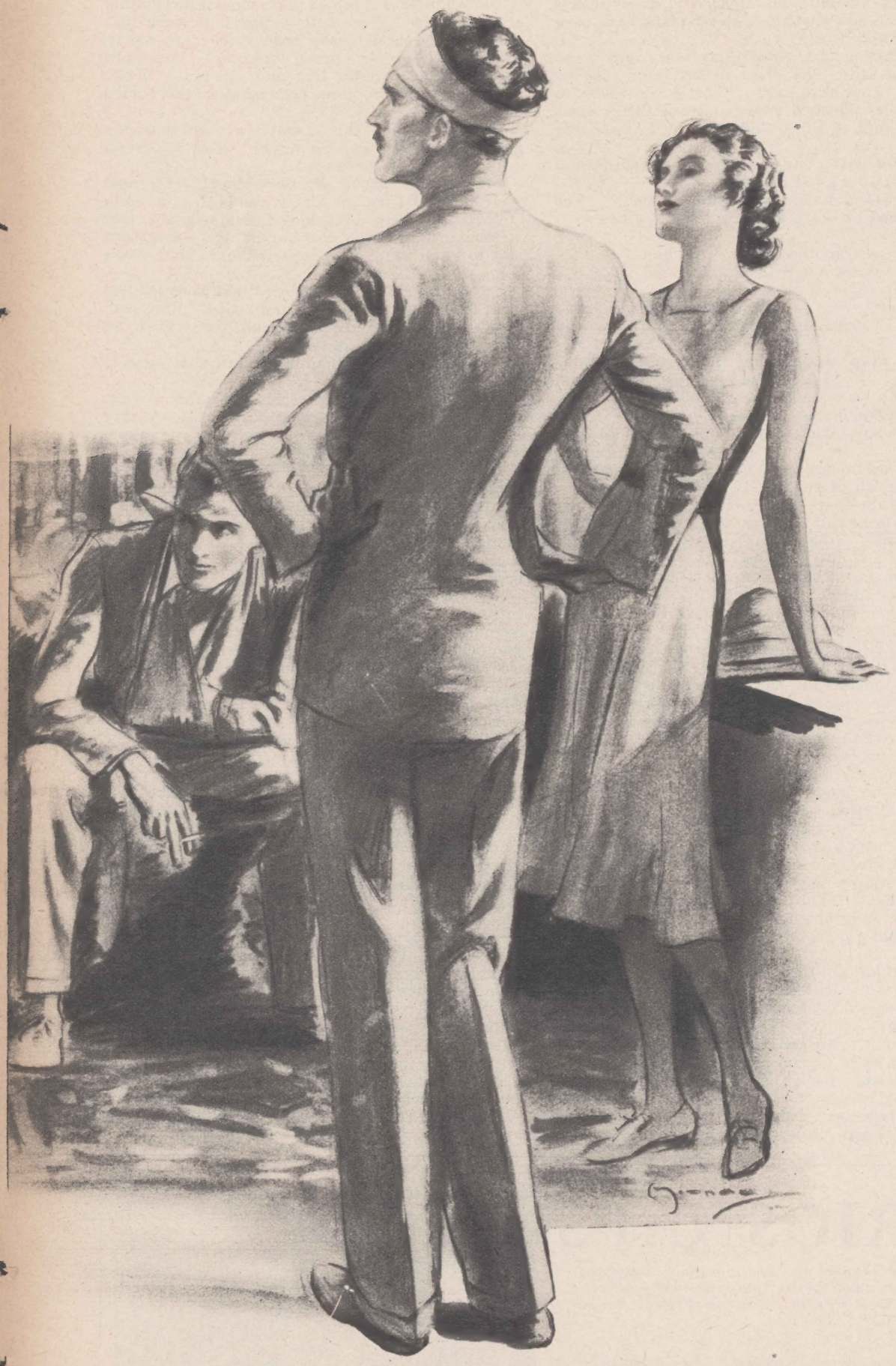
"Zavarani!" gasped the negro, as though the very extravagance of this raking fellow prompted memory; his face went grey and his pistol wobbled.

"Aye, Savaran, the doom of dogs. That bag you stole—quick!"

The whip-lash of the command sent the negro's hand to the breast of his *tobe*. Then, knowing he had been tricked into betrayal, he screamed: "Shaitan take thee!" and whipped up his pistol.

He was already too late. A steel-wire leg shot out, a sinewy foot took him piston hard in the belly. He slammed against the wall and fell, winded. As he did,

"Do you recite the litany of your own vices, or can there be another in Africa to equal you in dirt?" a mocking voice jeered from the doorway



the lean man yanked the pistol from his hand, stunned him with his own butt, plucked what he sought from the man's robe and, making sure there was nothing else of moment, was off as fast as he had come.

But not at once to the girl. Being a creature of no compunction whatsoever, he examined the bag and its contents in a safe shelter first.

It was a smart bag, bearing the hallmark of Paris, and it contained all the modern fittings, including a case full of cards belonging to a Miss Miriam Paston. Yet apart from a considerable sum of money, the only thing worth stealing was a sealed envelope. Without a qualm, Savaran ripped this open.

It held a single sheet of stout paper on which was drawn a map; a new drawing copying a very old map. It was of desert lands, but with place names so strange that he, who knew Africa better than any man, could make nothing of them at first. It contained directions, compass bearings and mileage figures (which he frowned over) leading to an unnamed point marked "X" set in the midst of blank desert. Following this line of route to where it began in a lower corner, he found a dot marked Yriate, and at once his eyes gleamed understanding.

Yriate was the ancient name of what was now the outpost of the Zem-Zem Arabs. It was one of those places, more conjectured than known, that had lost contact with mankind by the steady encroachment of the desert. More, the Great Sand, as it was called here, was unmapped, unknown and unexplored even by the Arab nomads, for it was a sea of rolling dunes, waterless and impassable even for camels.

Yet this map showed a route—sketchy enough, it was true—leading right into the heart of this empty and desolate place. Why? What was at the point marked "X" on the map?

To most men such a trail leading into the unknown might have seemed idiotic. Not to Savaran. He knew Africa too well. He knew that even in our modern day there are still unplumbed pockets in the vast continent, unseen spots where even the incredible could be proved true. More, born to adventure, the mere hint of such a riddle stung alert the quick blood in his veins.

It quickened a more dangerous side of him, too—his self-interest. At first he wondered how a map relating to Yriate and the Great Sand came to be not only in this white girl's purse, but in Kjweli, of all places. Then he saw one explained the other. This Miriam Paston and her companions, being innocent of all practical knowledge of Africa, had looked Yriate up in an atlas and noted that, as mileage went, Kjweli was the nearest port. If they had consulted an expert they would have learned that swamp and desert, mountain and jungle made such a journey impossible. That they had not consulted an expert made the matter even more significant. They had preferred to trust the atlas rather than risk sharing their secret.

A secret too precious to share—it increased Savaran's conviction that there was something behind this; while the attempt to rob them of the map made it plain that even practical crooks felt it, too. There was something worth the risks of the Great Sand and the daggers of criminals, at the point marked "X."

The scarecrow man became a very Lucifer as he thought, his eagle's nostrils dilating. Something big! Big wealth! Big loot! That certainly indicated Savaran. Sure that providence, aware of the vastness of the thing, had felt constrained to put it into his hands, he paused only long enough to decide whether the matter should be a purely personal effort, or whether he should give these amateurs the benefit of his unique co-operation—for a 95 per cent. reward, of course.

With his usual decision he realised that the half-dollar and four coppers he possessed were not enough to fit out an expedition on the scale needed; it would be sounder, therefore, to allow them to provide for their own plundering. Also, there was the girl. Beauty such as hers would be a pleasant mitigation of the ardours and perils of the Great Sand. And who knew if, at the end, he might not find a nation needing a queen as well as a king.

He restored the map to the purse and turned back to the Little Sok; he would return the map to the girl and be rewarded by her confidence. It was characteristic of him that he had entirely forgotten the Kadi el Sifr and the needs of vengeance.

He did not enter the Little Sok—or, rather, having put foot in it, he most promptly sidestepped into the first gateway that gave him cover. The Little Sok was yeasty with *dogari*, busy as only policemen can be in searching for the rioters who had long ago vanished. Because of the warrants out for him, Savaran felt it would be tactless to distract them with his presence, even for the sake of a lady.

It also amused him that he should hide from them under the very walls of their own *kasbah*, for the gateway led into the coffin-maker's yard against the citadel wall. In it were half a dozen men hammering away as though filling a rush order for the Last Trump.

"Trade seems at its graveworm brightest," he said, genially, to the turbaned master undertaker.

"Pah," said the man, only pausing to flick sweat from his face. "A mere flash in the pan."

"Has the law been betrayed into a rush of justice?" the lean man asked, cocking his head towards the *kasbah*.

"Nay, no trade from that quarter since evil is king in Kjweli," the man said, scowling at the citadel.

"Have the good died profitably and unanimously, then?"

"The good! A man would starve in Kjweli if he depended on the bodies of such," the man spat. "It is little better even now. I was fool enough to take a mosque contract for transporting all those who wished to expiate their sins by burial in Holy Ground—and a ship has arrived that sails tomorrow for Mecca."

"An unlooked-for event?"

"By the Eye, yes. I thought I had the money in my pocket for a year—and let me tell you cut

(*please turn over*)

prices for embalmed corpses are no great gain, anyhow."

"It is well they are mummies, though," Savaran said, examining the coffins, which were certainly cut-rate articles, all gaping seams and knot holes. "Riper corpses would not make any sea voyage a pleasure."

"As for that it is but a Rumi ship, Allah bankrupt it," the man snarled and returned to his hammering.

"A Rumi ship?" Savaran said quickly. "The one, perhaps, that brought the Rumi *bibi* and her two men."

"Even that. They were to land here with the goods they have in her hold, but their minds are changed. They go on at least to Bamikano, and so my coffins must stand the weather on deck—may Allah smite them for her unveiled wantonness."

Savaran's eyes glittered. So somebody had already put them wise to the real port for their journey to Yriate.

"Who changed their minds?" he asked, sharply.

"Him!" The man jerked his hammer towards the house where the woman was sheltered. "The Kadi el Sifr, may Shaitan choke him with gassy coals. They had a letter to him, poor fools. He has altered their plans and they leave on the morning tide, and I—I have too much to do to be ready for that same tide to gossip with a Shensi."

Savaran did not seem to hear that insult of insults. His gipsy face had taken on a look of savagery. He was remembering why he had risked his neck in Kjweli. "El Sifr," he said with such venom that the coffin-maker came upright with a touch of fear. "The dealer in arms and drugs?"

"Aie, and all other filthiness. A misbegotten jackal whose blood is greed—do I find you love him as much as the rest of us?"

"With an affection that craves to get these fingers on his throat," the eagle-faced man cried, holding out steel-wire hands. "There was a tribe I might have made men and conquerors had he not meddled. . . ."

"*Inshallah*!" the man gaped. "How comes a festoon of rags to speak like Saladin himself?"

"*I!*" The bizarre adventurer seemed to tower in an imperial pride. "I, who am the scourge of tribes and humbler of kings, what do mere rags matter on me?"

"*Wa sidda,* lord; you are a very lion among lions," the man muttered, cringing under the other's strange power. "It is perhaps this dung-dog, the Kadi el Sifr . . .?

"Aie, Jilbis el Sifr!" the tattered terror of kings cried, then realising that this el Sifr must be double-crossing these whites, for the map, of course, he glanced through the gate, and, seeing that the *dogari* had gone, asked, "Is this white Rumi woman still in that house with el Sifr?"

"It is so," the coffin-maker said and gaped in awe as Savaran lifted the hood of his robe over his face and strode out into the Little Sok towards the house of el Sifr.

The Kadi Jilbis el Sifr, cream-coloured, gross and waddling, had the face of a Buddha and the mind of a thug, which suited the sympathy he pretended as Miriam Paston dealt with the hurts of Terry, her brother, and Captain Euan Amory. As he listened to her story of the attack, his flaccid face adopted the correct cast of horror, though inwardly he preened himself and chuckled; it is always pleasant to learn that one's clever plans have been carried out efficiently.

"The dogs of dirt, to dare lay vile hands on so gracious a lady," he cried in his queer, lisping English. "They shall pay. I, Jilbis el Sifr will see to it. And they snatched your purse *and* the precious map! Wrath of Eblis—did you mark any of the scum?"

"The thief was a one-eyed negro," Miriam Paston said. "He wore a red turban."

"A negro—and the town is full of such!" The Kadi clicked his teeth in mock despair.

"There was another brute with him," Captain Euan Amory said in a still, dazed voice. "A tall, hop-pole of a blackguard, with a face like a fierce bird."

"What!" demanded the Kadi el Sifr, in sudden alarm.

"That chap was helping us, surely!" Terry Paston put in. "I mean, he broke up the mob and then went after the nigger when you told him about your purse, didn't he, Miriam?"

"I think so. I don't know." Miriam did not trust natives.

"Followed the negro!" El Sifr's voice was thick. "A tall, spider of a man?"

"That's the chap," Terry cried. "And, by jinks, didn't someone call him something like Zavarani?"

"Savaran!" The Kadi already sounded half-strangled, and his skin had the greenness of an unripe lemon. "Savaran here! That is terrible. That is quite bad!"

"You know him?" Miriam asked, anxiously.

"Who does not in Africa?" the Kadi almost yelped. "He is the most dangerous, the most unprincipled ruffian in the continent. . . . What is it?"

A cringing servant had slipped into the room, speaking in shaking Arabic. The green about el Sifr's gills deepened, his rat's eyes seemed ready to pop out. "Bad news!" he muttered, in a stifled voice. "Most bad. I go. I inquire."

He shambled from the room like a man whose knees had become jelly. Terry's frank young eyes watched, startled.

"By jinks, it must be bad if he takes it like that. But you know, Euan, you're wrong about that lank bird. I'm sure he was on our side."

"We can't, we mustn't trust any of these people," Miriam said. "They're all treacherous. And I hated the way that man looked at me. I'm glad we left the original of that map in the *Allah-Din* safe."

"Still, if he's got the copy I made and is the sweep the Kadi says, it doesn't look too pretty," Euan Amory frowned. "I mean, if he organises a rival expedition. . . ."

"He won't," Miriam said, firmly. "He can only hear what we've given out; that is, we're exploring solely to write a book about a lost city in the Great Sand. . . ."

"Yes, but these fellows always suspect hidden treasure," Euan Amory frowned.

"Anyhow, why worry," Terry jerked cheerfully. "We've got old Giblets behind us, a most useful member, and thoroughly decent, I swear."

The Kadi Jilbis el Sifr at that moment was glaring at the one-eyed negro with a rage so devilish that Terry Paston would have been shocked to see it. The negro was even more overcome. His limbs grew so weak in terror that only the grasp of two servants saved him from collapsing at the Kadi's feet.

"You say this—this corruption who took the purse from you was Savaran? You make no mistake?" el Sifr demanded.

"It was the Fear of Warriors himself," the man wailed. "Did I not see him at the head of an impi of spears and demons sacking the impregnable city of Mbulamani? Who else but he who's eyes turn men to water could have mastered me? Lord, I was helpless. . . ."

"Savaran!" The Kadi's voice broke as he recalled what he had done to a certain tribe. "Savaran here! Here and—and you, slime of the swamps, let him take that purse away."

"Lord! What can man do against that devil of men?"

"Take him from my sight," el Sifr snarled. "Take him into the cellars and let his death be slow—very slow. Savaran . . . *here!*"

He bit his fat knuckles, glaring round like a cornered rat. Yet when his eyes reached the windows, they stopped dead and his mouth fell open. He was seeing the lean adventurer crossing the Little Sok—towards his very house. The figure was not only unmistakable, but its very audacity nerved even El Sifr to action.

"Quick, fetch the *dogari,*" he cried. "Bid them surround the house. But command them to come cunningly, only entering into me when I sound my foot bell. All our lives depend on their care. Do this well, if you value your hides."

He turned and re-entered the room where the whites waited. His face was sleeked into an air of anxious concern.

"It is most bad. It *is* this Savaran. It would seem that he has word of your venture, since he is in with that one-eyed dog. . . ."

"Then why did he chase him?" Terry asked.

"It is that which makes me most anxious. . . . No honest man can understand the twists of this ruffian's trickery. It may have been a ruse to make good both their escapes. It may even be a slyer plan, a pretence to help you and so win you over, the better for his criminal ends. Who can say, when it is Savaran? All I can tell you is that there is no evil, no smooth vileness this man is not master of. He is notorious throughout Africa as a breeder of trouble, a begetter of strife among natives, a filibuster, a smuggler, a crook, a killer, a . . ."

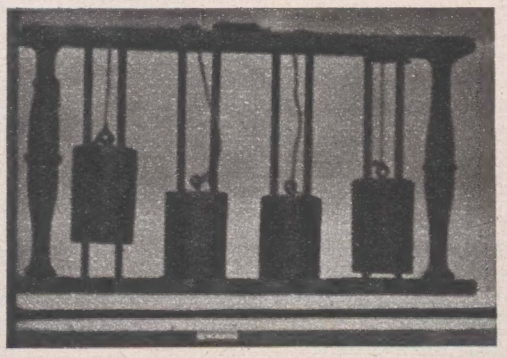
"Do you recite the litany of your own vices, Jilbis el Sfir, or can there be another in Africa to equal you in dirt?" a mocking voice jeered from the doorway and, even in spite of his preparedness, the Kadi cringed under the glance of the lean and doubting Lucifer who stood in the doorway.

"That is the man," said Miriam Paston, her

(*please turn to page* 26)

CURIOSNAPS

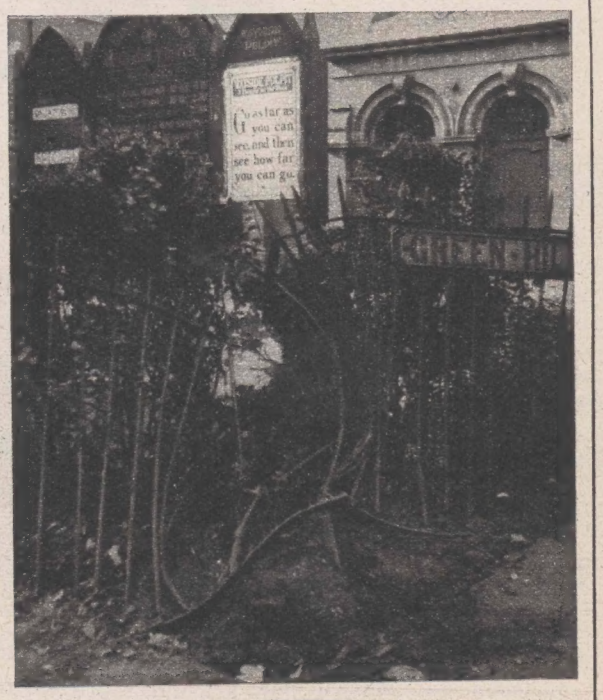
"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of quaer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped envelope



Elizabethan mouse-trap. The hard-wood blocks were suspended over the cheese and the first nibble released them

A family quarrel in Finland and the husband leaves with half the house, the wife has the other—for better or for worse

At one time this marble tea-house was the entire Chinese navy. An Empress used three million pounds to build it, then told her furious ministers that had they built a fleet of ships, nobody in China would have been able to manage it and it would have fallen into enemy hands, whereas the tea-house would stand for all time



QUITE!

WHEN the fine, careless rapture of summer is passing and the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness sends the first whiff of sooty fog through the bedroom window, mankind comes to itself with a shiver. There is no eager springing from bed, no hailing of the smiling morn.

Suddenly brought to our senses, we seek out the clouts we so scornfully discarded when first the thermometer touched the dizzy heights of 80 and brought the hawthorn into full bloom.

It is not the coat that makes the man, nor any other article of clothing. Dress, which is often superfluous, is bound up with evolution, progress and even genteel snobbery. Fashion is a dictator far more powerful than all the heads of the totalitarian states put together.

But leaving all ideas of history and custom on one side and concentrating on the only thing that matters to human beings—health and happiness—let us consider the scientific aspect. Let us deliberate on what to put on and what not to put on, in the cold months of winter.

People wear far too many clothes in winter time. This statement is likely to raise a storm of protest in many quarters; nevertheless, we could do with far fewer garments than we ordinarily use, always provided that those we select are of the right type. From the hygienic point of view, clothing serves various purposes—mechanical protection, the shielding of the skin from the elements and so on.

But, most important of all is the fact that clothing conserves the heat of the body. Now the latter is vital to human existence. The skin is a very sensitive nerve field; it is associated with respiration and excretion of waste products; but essentially it is the regulator of tissue-warmth.

The inhabitants of Great Britain have constantly to struggle against the menace of a lower temperature outside their bodies. The maintenance of the blood at a steady level of about 100 degrees F. is a feat of nature which is the result of a mechanism which is amazingly accurate and effective. No matter how much we may add to, or subtract from, the heat of our flesh, the blood consistently regulates its warmth. The reason being, perfect health is possible only when the blood is somewhere in the region of 99 to 100 degrees F.

Loss of heat from the body is brought about by the action of the sweat glands. These are tiny conglomerations of cells from which there issues a minute duct opening as a pore on the surface of the skin. The mechanism of heat regulation is so simple that it is easily explained; if the body furnace is burning too brightly, perspiration increases and, by this method, heat is lost. Each bead of sweat joins the fine veneer of fluid which lies on the surface of the skin, and from which there is constant evaporation. Thus heat is dispersed into the atmosphere.

Those who were trapped in the Black Hole of Calcutta died, not because they were denied oxygen, or because they were asphyxiated by a surfeit of carbonic acid gas, but because there was not sufficient outlet and not sufficient current of air to absorb the sweat and by removing it keep the blood cool. The victims of this terrible tragedy were actually killed by internal combustion.

When capricious winds blow in an insular country such as ours, we have to deal one day with a warm wind from the west, and the next day with a biting sleet, blowing out of the north-east. The strain on our heat-regulating mechanism is enormous, therefore we must protect ourselves in cold weather by wearing over our skin fabrics made of vegetable or animal material.

Textile fabric is cloth which consists of long strands of a certain substance, knitted together to form a "material." The basic principle of all garments is to delay the evaporation of sweat and to insulate the body from the effect of cold outside.

By this double action, clothing renders the regulation of the body temperature easier and less distressing to us. Our clothes are like a safety valve, and the control of the heat loss can be very accurately gauged by the type and the number of articles worn.

Far more importance attaches to the materials used than to the number of garments. From the medical point of view, what is worn next to the skin is the thing that counts. Suppose we discuss the five most commonly used materials, viz., wool, cotton, linen, silk and artificial silk. How does one differ from the other?

Wool is irregular and frequently curled; it is in most instances, as is well known, the hair of the sheep. Each fibre of wool, when examined under the microscope, is seen to consist of overlapping scales, the edges of which jut out and cause a succession of very tiny, teeth-like projections to be formed. Wool is covered with fat and is therefore waterproof and heat-retaining, but it has the disadvantage of being irritant to many sensitive skins, which are full of nerves. There is a lot to be said for the suffering of the ascetic in his hair shirt.

Cotton, on the other hand, is homogeneous and smooth, a fibre being displayed as a tiny ribbon which has great absorptive properties and is especially noted as a conductor of heat. Cotton, indeed, is probably the most sanitary fabric of the lot, since it rapidly absorbs the wastage poured out by the skin, and can be washed most quickly and easily. In the form of one of the popular open-work or cellular types of weaving, cotton is a perfect material for health. The reason for this is that air pockets are created between the strands of the fabric and thus the vital skin respiration is carried out to the full.

Linen is a fabric which is also useful. Its fibres are rather irregular and stringy, but a linen garment has the advantage of being very smooth and therefore it does not collect dust. Silk, which is beyond most of us, consists of material made from very finely spun threads manufactured by the silk-worm. It is warm and soothing to the skin. Artificial silk is widely used; it is a very clever substitute for the true silk, but it is made from vegetable material, treated to make it smooth and resistant.

In fighting the vagaries of the British winter, we must be ready to select the most suitable garments. The feet are perhaps the most important parts of the body requiring protection. We stand for hours during the winter on cold pavements or actually on a film of water of very low temperature. Wet feet which are cold are the greatest menace to our welfare.

One of the first essentials, therefore, against chills, fevers and all the other ailments to which the flesh is heir, is sound leather footgear, and well-fitting woollen stockings. For the hands and the fingers, wool or fur is to be recommended. Some people have so much trouble with their circulation that even the tip of the nose and the lips and the ears must be protected. In such cases, special helmets or hoods should be provided.

The covering of the trunk is always a controversial subject. We have passed the days when people considered that flannel should be worn next to the skin and, mercifully, we have survived the Victorian era of red flannelette. Many cannot go through the winter without having a woollen garment next to the skin, but in these civilised days, and with the skin so well primed with sensitive nerve endings, the irritation of wool is often unbearable, but there is no reason why cotton garments should not be worn, in the varieties which are at present available, during the whole of the winter. It is quite a simple matter to wear a thicker suit or a heavier overcoat.

If a man feels seedy or shivery in the coming winter, he should take himself to task, and find whether his knowledge of the hygiene of clothing is ample. The females of the human species do not demand so much attention as the susceptible males. Nature has provided the former with a very efficient extra layer of fat which permits the grande dame and the debutante, alike, to sally forth with barely a shirt to her back.

NECTARINES

When Mr. Stuttle tried to sell his employer's fruit the transaction nearly included a packet of trouble for him

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

ILLUSTRATED BY S. TRESILIAN

MR. STUTTLE, gardener to the Tenant on Grey Goose Green, listened with some care and attention to the conversation of the two men outside the *Jerry Shop* on the Tundon road. He goes there from time to time, when relations with Mrs. Stuttle are more than usually difficult and he has good and sufficient reason to keep out of her way. His wife's practice of clinching arguments with the broom handle is often as sudden as it is disconcerting. There had been a heated argument over the tea table and towards the close Mr. Stuttle had retired hurriedly, just missing the water from the pail that had served Mrs. Stuttle to wash the kitchen floor. Now he sat in the taproom and the conversation of the speakers on the bench outside was easy to follow.

The strangers ignored him but they spoke freely as though unconscious of his keen regard. They were men of middle-age; one had the lean and hungry look that was abhorrent to Julius Cæsar; the other, shorter and stouter, had roving eyes that refused to look straight in any direction. They were shabby but not nearly so dilapidated as the Ten Horse Power Hasbeen which stood outside the Traveller's Friend and was responsible for their arrival.

"Bob kin always handle the stuff," said the long, lean man. "He knows where to pop a parcel that don't matter if it's large or small. I've knowd him jump into his moty van an' run out twenty mile to a market. There's times he can do himself well an' there's times he can only just rub along; but he's a sure buyer an' you take y'r money along o' you.

"Jim got a few peaches to him last week an' Bob give him a tanner a time. Hothouse, mind ye, and worth a lot in th' good shops, but even then that's money." The short man nodded.

"You want a connection," he remarked. "Nobody works this side of Market Waldron, but it ought to be worth tapping."

"There aren't a many hereabouts keep a gardener," objected the other man, "and where there are, you can't be sure."

"Make it plain business at first," his companion advised, "then when you get to know folk you can start talking. Will you come back with me to get a plug or would you rather wait here."

"I'll wait," replied his companion.

Mr. Stuttle brought his pot of beer into the open and asked if he might share the bench.

"When you bin an' had a long day's gardenin'," he added, innocently, "you're glad to shut th' place up an' get away an' drink half a pint in th' open like."

The stranger looked at him sharply.

"Yes," said Mr. Stuttle, as though in answer to an unspoken question, "I grow a lot o' stuff on th' Green over there, more than we kin eat, although master got a aunt what live on fruit an' garden stuff, vegetablearian they call her. Caw, they're rum uns."

There was no reason to doubt that the stranger was interested.

"D'you keep any glass at your'n?" he asked.

"Three large housen," replied Mr. Stuttle, with dignity, "an' I on'y got a boy to help along of 'em."

"Sell much?" enquired the other.

"Not half we could if that was properly managed," replied Mr. Stuttle, persuasively adding, "I set inside, time you an' y'r mate was talkin' about business."

"I never see ye," said the stranger, clearly a little confused.

"I dedn't want you should," explained Mr. Stuttle, simply. "You ouldn't ha' see me now if I ha'n't bin interested. But business is business in this here world."

"We'll have to wait until me frien' come back," said the stranger, apropos of nothing, and Mr. Stuttle emptied his pewter pot and stood it upside down that its state might not be merely a matter of conjecture. To the credit of his new acquaintance be it added that he followed Mr. Stuttle's example and then carried both pewters to the little counter within.

"Fat man straight?" he took occasion to enquire of Mr. Sawkins.

"As a ram's horn," replied the landlord, laconically; he wastes nothing, not even breath.

Mr. Stuttle, considering the position, decided that his wife's outburst had come in a fortunate hour. The Tenant and his wife were about to go away for a fortnight to stay with the Tenant's aunt. One maid was due for holiday and they were taking the other with them.

So Mr. Stuttle would be left in charge with a comfortable bed in the outhouse and an extra five shillings weekly and this time the charge would be worth something beyond that. He could always take things home and sell a few pieces here and there, but he had made no attempt hitherto to put the business on a proper footing. The peace of evening and the meditations of the gardener were disturbed by the return of the Hasbeen.

"'Scuse me half a minute," said the lean man and engaged his friend in conversation. That gentleman came forward and remarked that it was not discreet to conduct delicate negotiations in a place exposed to the sight and hearing of people who had no right to see or hear them. He added the suggestion that if the dickey seat of the Hasbeen were opened Mr. Stuttle could sit in it and be carried to some field or lane, of his own choosing, where interruption would be unlikely.

The gardener agreeing, the little party moved off to a point where observation was almost impossible and Mr. Stuttle, in response to pointed requests, explained the resources of the glass house, adding that the premises would be in his entire charge from the following Monday week and that if the price were satisfactory consignment could be regular.

"Well," said the short man with restless eyes, "we've got to test this out. Bring two dozen nectarines along first and we'll pay your price and see what we can make of them. Now the question is where? It mustn't be on the Green or near it. What about this corner; it isn't more than two miles."

"A long way to walk after tea," protested Mr. Stuttle.

"Take it or leave it," cried the short man. "We can't give in on everything and we're not going to be seen about the Green again if we can help it. Monday week, there won't be a moon till eleven. Be there at nine sharp. We'll just come along, pay, and take the stuff and get away."

"There may be one or two melons," admitted Mr. Stuttle.

"Keep 'em for the next night," said the man. "No, not the Tuesday or Wednesday; we've got to get to market and back and yours isn't the only job on our beat. Remember you're not the only pebble on our beach by long chalks."

"That'll be all right," growled Mr. Stuttle, and went his way across the fields leaving the others to pursue their own destiny. He did not propose to stop on the Tenant's premises; even Mrs. Stuttle had supported this resolution, being well convinced that no night is safe without a man in the house, but he could stay late without question or rebuke. It

"Take it or leave it! We can't give in on everything and we're not going to be seen about the Green again if we can help it"

should be possible to do business with these people if they were straight, that is straight where he was concerned. If they were not, he might have to spend nights on Grey Goose Green and he would warn P.C. Ruffead.

The night when he was to receive the reward of enterprise was fine as well as dark. Mr. Stuttle had selected the fruit with care; light and heat had been on a full-time job and the eight shillings he was to receive would give a big profit to somebody. He left the box under a hedge near his home and went out at eight o'clock, stating briefly that he would need to go back and see to his houses.

He was there at his time and half an hour after, and an hour after that, listening intently the weary while. Now and again he heard the engine of a distant car or saw its lamps throw a track of light on some far-off road, but not so much as a foot passenger came along the lane and while he made up his mind half a dozen times to go home, hope told a fluttering tale and he stayed to listen to it.

At last a faint lightening of the horizon told him of a moon about to rise and the possible danger of prolonged sojourn. With the box under his arm he walked to a thick bank only a hundred yards from his house, left the fruit there and sought his own door. He had not expected a light in the kitchen. He had neither expected nor desired to find the lady who reminded him so constantly that she was "same as his lawful wedded wife" to be sitting by the fire with a scowl on her face.

"Now," she began, "perhaps you'll tell me where you bin gallivantin'."

"I ain't bin gallivantin' anywhere," he retorted, sullenly, for the long vigil had worn his patience very thin. "You know where I was gooin'."

"You told me where you said you were gooin'," retorted Mrs. Stuttle, "but you ain't bin nigh th' place."

"Who towd ye so?" demanded Mr. Stuttle.

"Ruffead," replied his wife, naming Maychester's red-haired, athletic policeman, terror of evildoers. "It was Ruffead see a light indoors at the Green an' went to look f'r you in th' outhouse an' found it shet up and knew it was burglars. There's bin a fine to-do. That'll be all over th' place by to-morrer."

"Tell me, Jine," he whispered. "I ain't done nawthen wrong, but I'm in a peck o' trouble."

"Where you bin an' what you bin a doin' on?" she demanded again. "Ruffead come along here after he bin an' hit one on 'em, an' th' t'other give in an' he'd howked 'em both inter th' car an' made th' one he never hit drive all three on 'em to Market Waldron."

"Three?" queried Mr. Stuttle.

"Countin' him," replied his wife. "He sez that th' one he hit was long an' thin an' th' one that held his han's up was short an' fat, an' they'd broke in by th' scullery winder an' set out forever o' things to take away, time he happened of 'em. What you know about 'em, Bob Stuttle?"

"Jine," he said, as the brainwave reached him, "Ruffead on't be coming back?"

"Not afore to-morrow," replied Mrs. Stuttle.

"I'll git off to me brother at Tundon on my bike," he said. "He'll ha' sent f'r me sudden like, an' I never had no time to tell ye."

"But you gotter find time to tell me where you bin an' went afore you leave this house, Bob Stuttle, or I'll no more to do but tell Ruffead everything about it," cried the lady. The threat to tell the policeman what she did not yet know was staggering to Mr. Stuttle.

"They imitated (pretended) they was goin' to buy a box o' nectarines sorruptitious like," he gasped, "an' I waited with it for them at th' stile askew the meddy, top o' Hedgehog Green, waited more'n two hours. They wanted to get me out o' th' way. They ain't honest neither on 'em."

"An' what you done with th' nectarines?" demanded Mrs. Stuttle.

"Under th' hedge, down th' lane."

"Goo fetch 'em," she said, almost scornfully. "Then you kin git to y'r brother an' lie as much as you like. If you'd bin bringin' a bit o' fruit to y'r lawful wedded wife, that ouldn't ha' kep' ye waitin' out two hours or more an' gettin' y'rself in a mess at the end on't."

Mr. Stuttle had no words. He picked up his cap and hurried off to the corner where he had left the nectarines, grabbed the box, hurried back to the cottage, set the fruit in the scullery without a word, seized his bicycle and pedalled off into the night. Mrs. Stuttle heard him go before she locked the door, attended to the bolts and the chain on back door and front, picked up the box, returned to her armchair and ate eight nectarines with infinite appreciation. The derogatory terms she used as each went to its appointed end were not really addressed to them, but to the husband who had withheld such luxuries so cruelly and so long.

For five miles Mr. Stuttle travelled uphill. A keen wind was hurrying to make a night of it on the saltings; small wonder if the greatly striving man consigned rogues, wives, nectarines and policemen to the nethermost regions; misfortune was making him its plaything. Anyway things might have been worse. A tiny glow of lamplight showed in his brother's bedroom and when he had knocked once or twice very quietly, the window opened cautiously.

"It's Bob," whispered Mr. Stuttle and a moment later the door was opened and the ex-seafarer welcomed his relative, whose story was quickly told.

"It's like this here, Bob," explained Mr. James Stuttle, whose wits gather no wool. "I sent f'r ye sorruptitious like, bein' it's me birthday and me an' your missis ain't th' best o' frien's. You come over here sevin o'clock an' we bin an' had tea an' listened to the wireless. An' then we bin an' went to bed."

By now the seafarer had coaxed, with skill, the embers of the kitchen fire, a few twigs and knobs of coal had countered the coolness, for the summer night was unworthy of the name. The kettle sang and reminded Mr. Stuttle's host of his only brother's claims to hospitality.

"If we'd bin in furrin parts, same as I bin some of 'em, we could ha' walked up street an' got a drink. That ouldn't ha' mattered about th' time. But here you kin die o' thirst an' Govinment on't care."

"I'd bin glad o' somethin'," admitted the gardener.

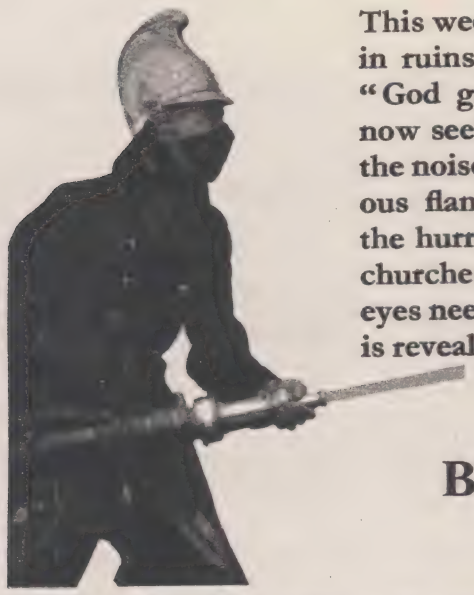
"I got a bit o' cocoa," remarked Mr. James Stuttle, as cheerfully as was possible in such circumstances, "an' th' owd kittle's callin' out. An' I got a tin o' milk."

Cocoa and a crust of bread and cheese were not to be despised and thereafter Mr. Stuttle slept on the hard couch under a horse rug until his brother called him in the morning, and he was back at his own home in time to tell his wife the appointed tale and be off to the gardens where a strange policeman asked "forever of question," all of which he answered glibly.

"If you weren't here you can't tell us anything about it," was the official view and when Mr. Stuttle was brought to the prisoners and asked if he recognised them as men who had been on or near the Tenant's premises he had no difficulty in declaring that he did not. There is no saying how he would have answered had the question been put differently. Then the men, who said nothing to contradict or confuse him, as their defence was to be an alibi, were committed to Quarter Sessions and came before a Chairman who looked harshly upon burglary; more harshly than ever when previous convictions suggested an ineradicable tendency to burgle.

When the Tenant, greatly shocked by the narrow escape experienced by his most valuable goods and chattels, denounced his gardener for not being on the premises as instructed, his hostess took Mr. Stuttle's side. "My dear James," she said, "the homely virtue of brotherly love is becoming so rare that it calls for praise rather than blame."

Mrs. Stuttle is quite satisfied. The price of her silence is paid in odd pieces of selected fruit; she eats them ostentatiously and talks to them about a husband who, in addition to being a mean hunks towards his lawful wedded wife, tried to sell fruit to rogues now in gaol. When she soliloquises thus, she keeps the long-handled broom within reach and Mr. Stuttle pretends not to hear, for the lady is as quick with her hands as she is coarse in her speech.



This week, 272 years ago, London lay smouldering in ruins after the Great Fire. Wrote Mr. Pepys: "God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storme . . ." Our eyes need never "behold the like" and the reason is revealed in this fascinating epic of fire-fighting

BY FRANK D. LONG

LONDON SHALL NOT BURN AGAIN

IT is remarkable that among the millions of books written about almost every conceivable thing under the sun, there is not one to be found telling the story of fire-fighting. Scrappy references to fire engines occur in the writings of the ancients, showing that centuries ago man had found some sort of method of defending life and property against destroying flames.

Stories of monster conflagrations destroying whole cities, contain an odd word here and there revealing concerted and organised defence battalions at work, but of the appliances used there is scarcely a hint. Yet the hint makes it quite clear that "engines" were used.

Even garrulous Pepys, eye-witness of the £9,000,000 fire of London, 272 years ago this week, omitted to write down anything about the firemen's apparatus. He was more concerned with the profiteering baker who charged him tu'pence "for a penny plain loaf," when he was hungry after a long tramp through the still warm ashes of what had been the city.

Neither Evelyn nor Pepys gives a single paragraph to help in the construction of a history of fire fighting. The longest detailed story of the Fire of London, running to over 120,000 words, dismisses the apparatus commanded by the Duke of York (by special order of King Charles) in fewer than 100 words.

Absence of collected data of this sort may not be startlingly serious, but it is certainly curious. Doubtless there is a psychological explanation. I don't propose bothering my head about that here. There were headaches enough in picking out the stepping stones through bleak centuries from the syringes of 1,000 B.C. to the motor pump of 1938, without theorising on the historical delinquencies of dead generations.

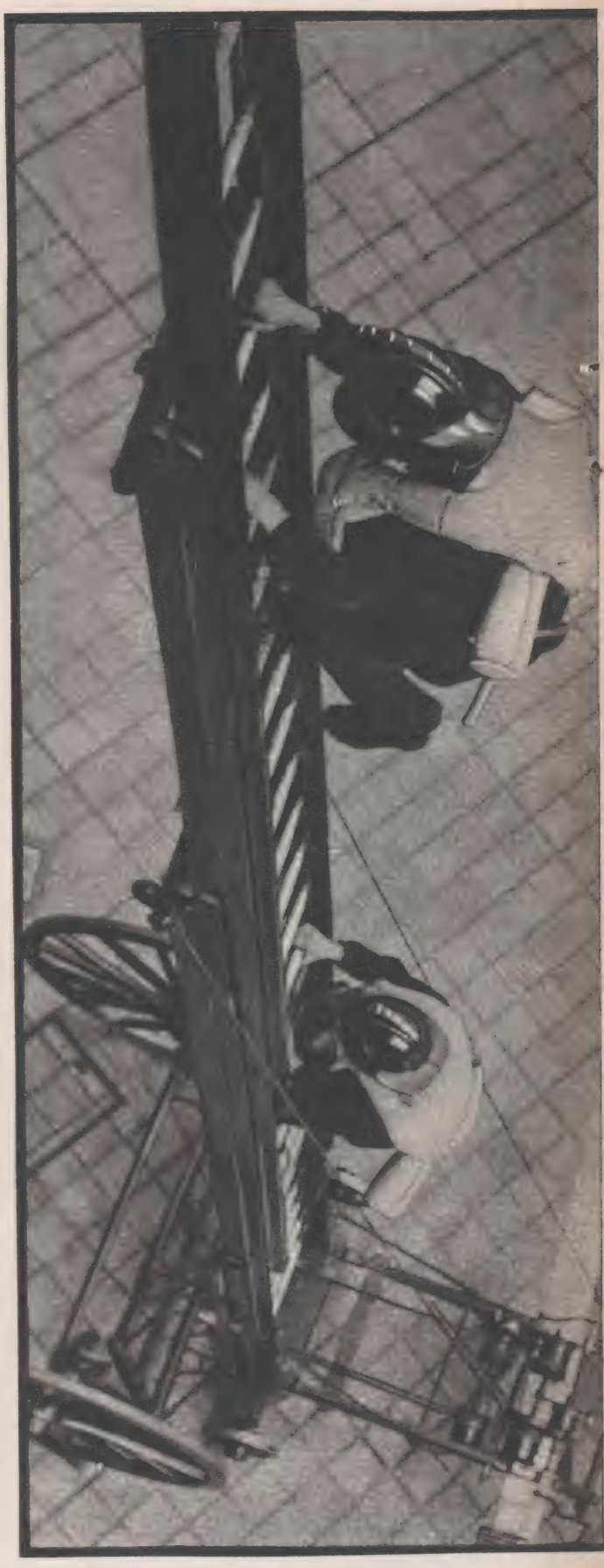
It is in the nature of our cosmos that water is the natural enemy of fire. That is why the problem in fire-fighting has always been driving sufficient water over a fire to quench it. Chemicals were tried three hundred years ago, but they were found to have their limitations. They still have. Water is still man's natural first line of defence against fire.

No description of syringes used by the Egyptians still exists and the earliest records of "machines for extinguishing fires" refer to Roman times.

Consisting only of leathern bags tapering at one end to give a nozzle effect, they were surprisingly primitive for an age credited with great achievements in public service. Water was squirted through the nozzle or pipe end by squeezing the bag, as the modern Scot ejects noise through a bag-pipe.

This quaint contraption, rather more worthy of the aborigine than the cultured Roman, held the field for several centuries. It was not until 150 B.C. that the Roman fireman started using a device called a fire siphon. In the classics it is referred to as "a machine called the siphon, used in conflagrations."

But this time we have got to hand it to the Roman. He had put on his thinking-cap and produced an engine based on a principle holding good to-day, although the method of applying that principle differs considerably. In the pre-Christian fire-engine there were two cylinders, each fitted with a piston. These were connected with a recipro-



Picture above shows firemen at practice bringing dummies down the escape ladder

On the left is a demonstration of the rescue of a dummy pilot from a blazing plane

Right is a village fire extinguisher in action

cating beam so that when one piston was at the top of its cylinder the other was at the bottom of the second cylinder.

It was a machine designed to carry out two essential operations in fire-fighting; sucking in water from a main supply and ejecting it at will. But it was deficient in two vital details. It could not give out a continuous stream of water and the tank had to be filled by hand. With all their enlightenment, the Romans had not thought of the hose.

Nothing more effective was devised until the London pearl button maker, Richard Newsham, came along in 1725 with an apparatus that could eject a continuous stream of water. That was the only fundamental difference between Newsham's and the Roman engine, but it was hailed as a tremendous discovery and within a short time of the news of its invention reaching the United States, the go-ahead Richard was inundated with orders for the patent Newsham fire engine. He found it a profitable side-line to pearl button making.

Londoners who see the Newsham engine at the weekly drills at the palatial new headquarters of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade may laugh—before or after sympathising with the brigades that depended upon it—but they should doff their hats in reverence before the venerable parent of the mighty and magnificent machines of 1938. Let them remember, too, that this product of the London pearl button maker was the first real advance in scientific fire fighting in nearly 2,000 years.

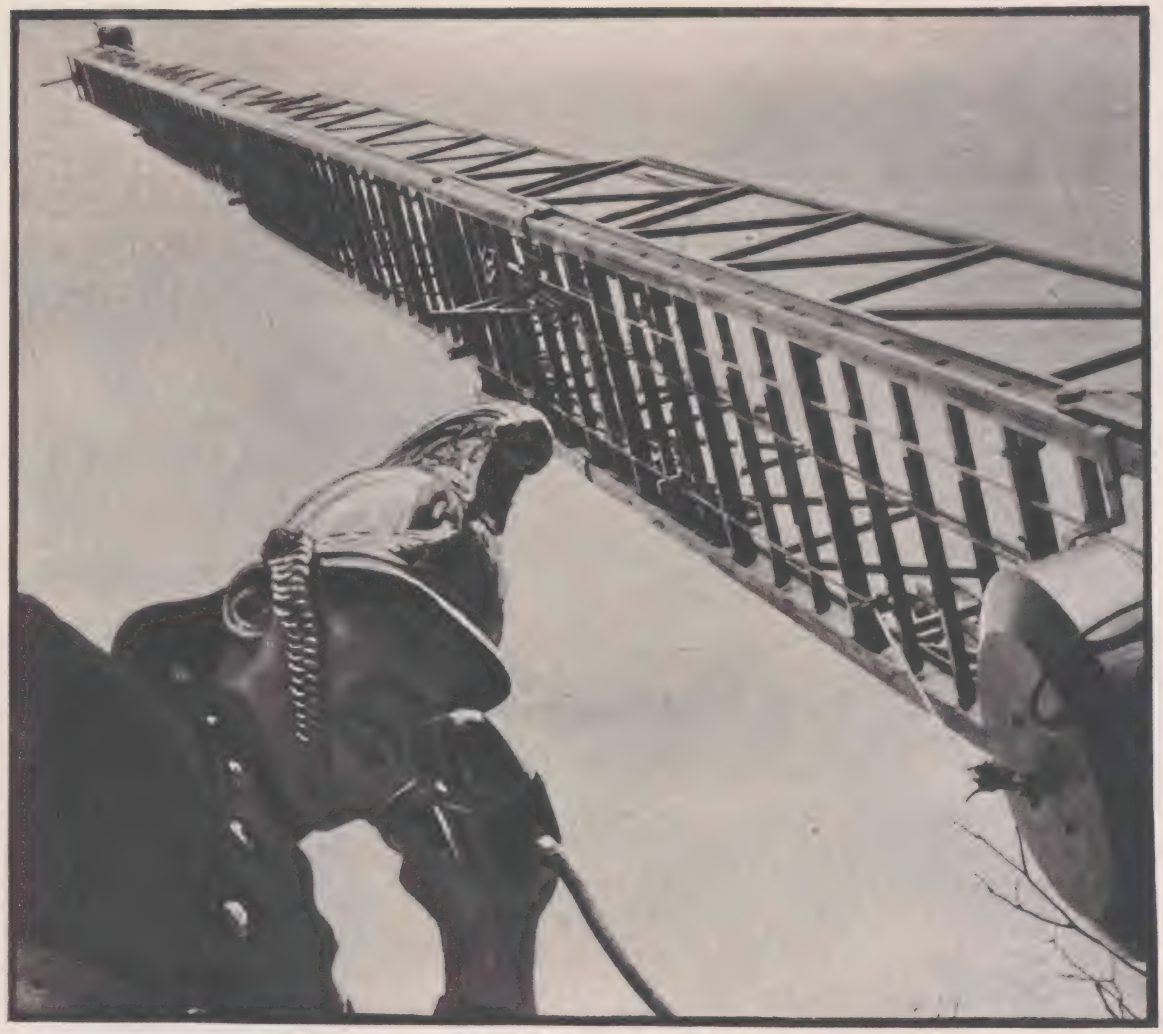
For eighteen centuries at least the fire brigades of Europe had been dependent on a machine that could eject water only in spasmodic jerks. The Roman engineer had not discovered the secret of the air chamber, with the result that after one piston or plunger had been depressed to eject the water, another up and down movement was needed to suck in the next supply for ejection.

Delay of centuries in discovering a remedy for this obvious defect is all the more remarkable because fire-fighting was an organised business in Italy, Germany, France, Holland and Sweden. The Rome organisation was almost martial in its studied discipline, but maybe the brigades were so continuously busy putting out fires that no time was left for studying apparatus improvements.

Romans invading Britain failed to bring the civilising touch of scientific fire-fighting to go with their road and town building. Four times (in 798, 982, 1086, and 1211) the wood-built city of London was completely gutted, but there was no organised fire-fighting.

After the fourth conflagration Londoners evidently thought it was time something was done about it. Out of the woes of 1211 there emerged the decree of 1212, ordering every citizen to keep a vessel full of water at his door and charging aldermen with the duty of keeping crook and cord handy. These were for pulling down flaming buildings and so checking a spreading fire. It may be said that in a sense the mighty L.C.C. fire-fighting organisation started with a crook and a length of cord !

During the next 450 years there were interesting developments, but I could find no record crediting any particular individual or year with a specific contribution. Brass hand-squirts had come into use by 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London. Nobody knows who invented them. They were barrel-shaped, 2 ft. long, and with a half-inch nozzle. Two men carried them by side handles and a third manipulated the piston that squirted the water out of the barrel. Larger pukka engines, so to speak, of the same design, were mounted on stumpy wheels and trundled over the cobbles or down muddy lanes.



The turntable ladder is equipped with searchlights and telephones

Water was carried to the engine in leathern buckets. When the main supply was some distance from the fire, the human water chain somewhat resembled a relay race, but as the engine could deal with one gallon only at a time the race did not have to be fast—except to the owner of the fire.

This was the only fire-fighting apparatus Londoners had for dealing with the conflagraton of 1666 because the gunpowder used to blow up buildings and so make gaps too big for the flames to cross can scarcely be classified as "apparatus." Nearly a century before the fire, Peter Moris, a Dutchman resident in the city, had constructed a cumbersome wheel engine to draw water through pipes from the Thames, but his machine was one of the first victims of the flames.

This is not the place to tell the story of London's £9,000,000 fire (the second biggest in the world, measured by the value of the property destroyed), but we must not forget that it is the only fire in history at which a king assumed the rôle of chief fire brigade officer. King Charles II took personal charge of operations for one day, then deputed the Duke of York, assisted by the Lords of the Council, to act for him.

In the year following the Great Fire a certain Dr. Nicolas Barton established a fire office in the city. He was the first to commercialise the business of fire-fighting, apart from the makers of the crude squirts. It is believed, although adequate documentary evidence is wanting, that he dabbled in a form of insurance and tried to establish some sort of brigade.

The *London Gazette* records, in 1676, that letters patent had been granted for "a new invented engine for quenching of fire with a leather pipe." Since no name is mentioned, posterity is left to presume that this was the Dutch engineer, Jan der Heide, protecting the hose and suction pipe he invented in 1670.

During the next quarter-century various Heath Robinson contraptions appear to have been devised. None is left to enrich our museums. We have only the artist's drawings with no guarantee that these are faithful to detail. Certainly none of the pictures reveal a hose. Instead, a curved pipe, rather like a kitchen flue, projects from the top of a box built over a tank. No diagram is provided to betray the secret contents of the box.

If the artist isn't lying, it must have been a grand piece of mechanism, for the water bursts forth from the flue with a velocity and volume which makes one wonder how the building, let alone the flames, withstood the onslaught.

It is a pity that more is not known of the fire-engines of the seventeenth century. It would be interesting to know, for example, what sort of engine was known to our Members of Parliament in 1707. To them goes the credit of putting fire-engines on our statute books for the first time. They passed the first act making the provision of fire-engines a public responsibility, but we have no idea what sort of engine inspired this official blessing.

Possibly it was belated official concern about fire-fighting that inspired our London button maker to get busy with his ideas for putting something really effective on the streets. When fires did occur they continued to cost from twenty to sixty houses at a time. One fire accounted for 150 houses and 50 lives at Wapping, in 1715.

Newsham's engine was definitely the earliest English force pump fitted with a receptacle for water. This was a long tank of stout wood, not unlike a rough-shaped coffin. A suction pipe stiffened with spiral wire fed the water into the pump, which ejected it in a continuous stream through a flexible, leather pipe.

Look at the original Newsham engine at the L.C.C. Fire Brigade Headquarters and you will realise what Britain's fire-fighting apparatus must have been like before 1730. The fire insurance companies, which had already started maintaining private fire brigades, were only too glad to get hold of a Newsham engine.

This Newsham was the solid sentinel of London's safety for sixty years. Then the London Fire Guard, called, by some of the insurance companies, just Fire Watch, came into being in 1791.

Every night these prowling firemen set off, two by two, from their respective fire stations, where reposed the faithful Newsham, now, it is true, somewhat altered in appearance, but fundamentally the same stout enemy of flame.

Each brigade provided its own watch and each watch paraded a specified area, keeping an eye on the property insured with its company. The printed sheet of instructions hanging in the stations

(*please turn to page* 36)

As Belvedere Tipp anticipated, that did the trick. ror one tense second, Mr. Broose seemed about to burst. Then, with a roar that released the pent-up emotions of weeks, he hurled himself at The Slogger. Simultaneously, the boys hurled themselves at Bill

STRONG MAN'S WEAKNESS

The resourceful Mr. Belvedere (Delicate Missions Ltd.) Tipp finds the one true antidote to an acute attack of love-sickness that threatens to turn a promising young boxer into a punchbag for Cupid's energetic training

BY A. R. V. NELSON-SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

MR. EZRA CLINCH glanced irritably around the discreetly curtained inner sanctum of Delicate Missions, Limited, flopped into the big arm-chair and mopped his brow.

"It's the last straw," he muttered. "If I'd ever thought it possible that such a thing could happen, I'd never have——"

"One moment, sir!" Belvedere Tipp produced a decanter and syphon from the little cupboard under his desk. The long years he had spent as butler to half the noble families of the land, before starting his unique firm with a legacy from his last employer, had made him adept at putting his clients at their ease.

Mr. Clinch sighed deeply and gazed morosely at his well-filled glass.

"Now, sir," prompted Belvedere Tipp, glancing at his client's card, "I see that you are a promoter of boxing contests. A fine sport, sir, boxing."

"Think so?" said Mr. Clinch, without enthusiasm. "Ever heard of Bill Broose?"

Belvedere Tipp passed his hand reflectively over the few remaining hairs on his slightly egg-shaped head. "At the moment, sir, I fear that I cannot recall the name."

Mr. Clinch laughed mirthlessly. "You wouldn't," he said. "It doesn't mean much—yet. But it will one day. At least, it ought to if—hell!" He drained his glass and banged it down on the desk. "Look here, Tipp, if ever a man got a raw deal, it's me. You've got to do something about it mighty quick. A world-beater right in my hand; a sizzling, knock-'em-flat, heavyweight champ, if ever there was one—and this, *this* happens!"

"If you will be good enough, sir, to acquaint me with the facts," suggested Belvedere Tipp, glancing significantly at the handsome gold hunter presented to him by the late Baron Revere, "I shall be pleased to consider your problem."

Mr. Clinch seemed to have difficulty in knowing where to begin. "You know what it means," he demanded, "for someone like me to get hold of a youngster, raw and untrained, sign him up and watch him grow into a second Dempsey? It happens once in a lifetime, but when it does it means big money. Not just hundreds or thousands, but tens of thousands."

Belvedere Tipp gravely inclined his head and produced his best cigars. "And Mr. Broose, I take it, is in that category?"

"Well," admitted Mr. Clinch, "he hasn't got to the hundreds state—yet. I only discovered him a year ago. Saw him having a scrap with another village lad in the yard of the local. And as soon as I saw him, I said to myself, 'Ezra Clinch, there's your pension fund.'" Mr. Clinch's eyes gleamed reminiscently. "He must have given the other lad a couple of stone, but he didn't look human when Bill had finished with him."

"Indeed," murmured Belvedere Tipp. "So you took the young man under your wing?"

"Signed him up right away. Nursed him like a baby. And he didn't half come on quickly. He's a simple sort of lad, who does what he's told; the sort you can train and do something with. It may be hard to get an idea into his head at first, but, when it's there, it sticks." Mr. Clinch puffed vigorously at his cigar and lapsed into a smoky silence.

Belvedere Tipp showed signs of courteous impatience. "Pray, proceed sir," he said. "I take it that, when you considered Mr. Broose sufficiently trained, you arranged contests in which he was one of the combatants?"

"You bet I did!" exclaimed Mr. Clinch. "Minor ones at first, of course. I've got to work him up gradually. But he's never lost a fight and he's always won on a knock-out. He's got a left like a steam-hammer. And now"—Mr. Clinch paused impressively—"I've got him matched with Slogger Smith!"

"Most gratifying, I'm sure," observed Belvedere Tipp, trying to look as though the name meant something to him.

"Of course, Slogger isn't really class," admitted Mr. Clinch. "He's just a killer; no science at all. But it's Bill's first *big* fight, and if he puts Slogger to sleep he'll have taken the first step towards the championship. I'll be able to get him fights as easy as kiss your hand, and he'll go right through. Nothing'll stop him. And after all I've done for him," cried Mr. Clinch, in rising tones, "when he's

all set for the fight of his life, he—he—he's gone soft."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Belvedere Tipp, "you don't mean——?"

"He won't fight," said Mr. Clinch, in utter disgust. "He's in love."

Belvedere Tipp looked puzzled. "But surely, sir, the fact that he is in love should spur the young man on to greater efforts?"

"It isn't ordinary love," said Mr. Clinch, darkly, "though I've known that play Old Harry with a boxer. It's Miss Veronica Packs. One of those society bits who've nothing better to do than go round poking their noses into other people's affairs."

Mr. Clinch heaved himself to the edge of his chair. "It's like this," he explained, spreading out the fingers of one podgy hand and checking off the items one by one. "Veronica's a good-looker—we'll grant her that. She's got nothing to do in life but look for something with a new kick in it. Now she and her crowd are calling themselves Pals of Peace or something—that's their latest stunt. And Veronica is going round trying to persuade boxers that boxing is sinful, because it makes people think of fighting, and it's people thinking of fighting that makes wars."

Belvedere Tipp thoughtfully jingled his massive, gold watch chain, the gift of the third Viscount Turret. "I can hardly credit, sir," he murmured, "that the young lady would meet with much success."

"Bill's her only success," said Mr. Clinch, bitterly. "She came to our camp and disorganised work for a whole day. I didn't do anything about it because I believe it does the boys good to have a break now and then. My God, Tipp, I knew Bill was dumb, but I never thought he'd be dumb enough to fall for that dame!"

"And the young lady, sir. Does she reciprocate his affection?"

"Don't be a fool," snorted Mr. Clinch. "She's just getting a kick out of trying to wind great, silent, he-men round her little finger. And she's got Bill wound round, tied up, and put away. We've argued with him for three solid days—each one of us separately and all of us together. But it's no use. He won't fight. Fighting's sinful. Veronica says so." Mr. Clinch's voice trailed to a whisper. "He's started buying her flowers," he said, despairingly.

Belvedere Tipp judicially pressed his fingers together and thoughtfully studied that comfortable portion of his anatomy where his sober, black waistcoat overlapped his neat, striped trousers. "You have my deepest sympathy, sir," he purred. "I take it that you desire me to bring Mr. Broose back to a more—er—belligerent frame of mind? It would, of course, be useless for you to insist upon his entering the ring and meeting Mr. Smith in accordance with the terms of his contract?"

"We've tried that," said Mr. Clinch. "He says that if Slogger hits him he'll turn the other cheek. But Bill's *got* to fight Slogger, Tipp. And you've got to make him."

Belvedere Tipp hesitated.

Mr. Clinch produced his cheque book with a flourish. "If it's a question of finance——" he began.

"My dear sir," reproved Belvedere Tipp, "I think we may safely discuss that matter later. I was considering whether I could find the time to deal with your problem. It contains many elements of interest. Yes, I will accept the case. I have already evolved an outline plan. But I shall require your co-operation, sir."

"You've got it!" said Mr. Clinch, with zest. As he listened to Belvedere Tipp's plan, his eyes glistened and his mouth dropped open, like a fat little boy who has been promised the entire contents of a candy stall. "Now that's what I call brains," he cried. "You can rely absolutely, Tipp, on me doing my part."

As Mr. Clinch went jauntily out, Miss Firkin, Belvedere Tipp's spinsterly but indispensable secretary, entered with The Ledger. The routine of entering every detail of all his cases in this enormous brass-bound tome was never omitted or scamped.

"Your note-book, please, Miss Firkin," said Belvedere Tipp. "I have some important work for you in this case. Please pay careful attention to your instructions."

Miss Firkin listened impassively as her pencil glided over the paper. Not until her chief had finished dictating did she venture a comment. Then: "If I may say so, Mr. Tipp," she observed, with icily arched eyebrows, "I confess that my sympathies in this case are with Miss Packs. I consider prize-fighting to be a brutal pastime that should be stamped out. I have always obeyed your instructions without question, but I think that, on this occasion, you should know that I shall be acting in conflict with my conscience."

But Belvedere Tipp knew how to overcome his secretary's frequent objections. "I respect your scruples, Miss Firkin," he assured her gravely, "but I know I can rely upon you to do your duty."

Miss Firkin stood up, primly. "Very well, Mr. Tipp. Shall I have your lunch sent in now?"

Belvedere Tipp turned to The Ledger with the air of a man to whom minutes are jewels. "Just a snack, Miss Firkin. A couple of pork pies, a custard tart, and—and——"

"A nice apple, Mr. Tipp?"

"A nice apple, Miss Firkin."

And while, over his frugal lunch, Belvedere Tipp was completing the details of his plan, Miss Veronica Packs was hopefully studying a long list of boxers and wondering whether to pick them out with a pin or to approach them in alphabetical order. She was still engaged on this onerous task when the arrival of Belvedere Tipp created a diversion.

Seldom had Belvedere Tipp introduced himself with greater dignity. His effect upon Miss Packs was instant and sobering. She almost felt that she ought to curtsey. Instead: "*Do* sit down," she invited, giving him the full benefit of her Grade "A" smile. "I'll ring for tea."

Belvedere Tipp seated himself slowly and impressively, studying Miss Packs the while. When Mr. Clinch described her as a good-looker, he spoke less than the truth. The founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, came down to business with an effort.

"I have called, madam," he said, "in connection with Mr. Broose."

A little frown puckered Miss Packs' attractive brow. "Mr. Broose?" she echoed. "Oh, you mean Bill. Isn't he just too divine?" A sudden hope shone in her eyes. "Are *you* a boxer?" she demanded, eagerly.

"Madam!" Belvedere Tipp positively oozed well-controlled horror. "I am chairman of the League for the Abolition of Fisticuffs in the British Empire and its Mandated Territories."

"Oh," said Miss Packs, sorrowfully, "I see."

Belvedere Tipp leaned ponderously forward. "We in the League," he said, "have learned with the deepest approval of your sterling achievements in persuading Mr. Broose to abandon his nefarious trade. On behalf of the League, madam, I extend you my felicitations."

"Oh—thank you," said Miss Packs, uncertainly.

"Our founder, Miss Firkin," went on Belvedere Tipp, with a reverent pause after her name, "is particularly gratified. She desires me to convey to you her personal approval and to express the hope that you will accept her invitation to attend our meeting to-morrow night."

"But how splendid!" cried Miss Packs. "I've never been to anything like that. What do you do? Make speeches and things? Do you mind if I bring some friends?"

Belvedere Tipp shook his head. "Miss Firkin is not expecting a large gathering. I regret, madam, that on this occasion I am unable to agree to your suggestion."

"Never mind," said Miss Packs brightly. "I'll be able to tell them about it afterwards."

"Then that," said Belvedere Tipp, with satisfaction, "is settled. There is just one other matter, madam. Miss Firkin has also expressed the wish to welcome Mr. Broose whom, she feels, can now be of great assistance to our cause. Do you consider——"

Miss Packs gave a squeal of delight. "Is Bill coming, too?" she cried.

"Do you consider," repeated Belvedere Tipp,

(*please turn to page* 19)

A 'plus' dog is never listless —always keen and lively

"FRESH AFTER WALKING MILES"

"Every day my dog Prince walks for miles with the postman," writes Miss R. D. of Leeds. "When he comes in he is as fresh as ever. The postman says he wishes he had as much energy. Bob Martin's have made Prince as lively and happy a dog as you could find."

IF YOUR DOG IS LISTLESS — if he tires easily or sits down to scratch himself after a game — it is a danger sign that he is in low condition. Listlessness simply means that your dog's blood is loaded with impurities, which have made his liver sluggish.

Whenever the weather warms up, these impurities are aggravated so rapidly that a dog can lose his health and good spirits in a day. That is why he sometimes becomes snappish and sulky — quite unlike the lovable good-natured fellow he usually is.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring, because there are *no pores in his skin.* Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

'PLUS' DOGS NEVER FLOP

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog never scratches, never has a shabby coat. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders, such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG

'One Bob Martin's once a day' will bring a sparkle to his eye, the bloom of health to his coat and a healthy swagger to his step. He'll be a 'plus' dog. And so keen on his exercise, that he'll be taking *you* for a walk!

BEWARE SEPTEMBER SKIN TROUBLES

Late summer is a dangerous time for a dog *out of condition.* The hot weather has aggravated the impurities in his blood, leaving him liable to eczema, swellings between the toes, and other blood disorders so common at this season. If you have neglected to condition your dog, you must act promptly! Purify his blood *now* with a course of Bob Martin's (3 powders a day for a week) and then *keep* him a 'plus' dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.' In packets, 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists and dog-food shops.

to keep dogs fit the *'plus'* dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

Like chocolates?

HERE'S HOW TO GET

MORE BITES FOR 2d

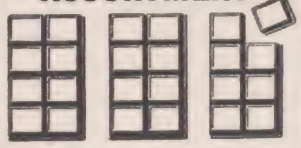
Open your mouth and shut your eyes. Who's your favourite now, me — or Marzipan Filled Block?

New way of buying chocolates gives you more for your money and lets you pick your own assortment

How would you like to get 8 delicious soft-centred chocolates for 2d. or 24 for 6d.? Well, you can have them — by simply walking into the nearest shop and buying a Cadburys Filled Block.

Each Filled Block costs 2d. and has 8 sections — that's 8 soft-centred chocolates joined together for the sake of economy. It's cheaper to make chocolates 8 at a time and the saving is passed on to you. And buying chocolates this way you select your own favourite soft centres. There's a wonderful choice of flavour favourites to choose from. Take your pick from Marzipan, Caramello — ask to see the whole twelve flavour-favourites. For value *and* flavour you can't beat Cadburys Filled Blocks.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ASSORTMENT



Each Cadburys Filled Block costs 2d. and has 8 sections of the same soft-centre filling. So when you spend, say 6d., you can choose three different soft centres and make up your own perfect assortment. And don't forget the amazing value . . .

24 CHOCOLATES FOR 6D

Marzipan, Caramello, Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle and every other favourite flavour

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

2oz 2D.

ignoring her interruption, "that I should have any difficulty in persuading him to attend?"

"Not if you say I'll be there. He'll do anything I tell him. As a matter of fact, I'm taking him out to-morrow. We can go on after the meeting." Miss Packs smiled happily at the prospect. "I'm taking him to 'The Smugglers' Cavern,'" she said. "All the gang will be there. They're simply dying to have a look at him."

"In that case, madam," said Belvedere Tipp, rising with portly precision, "I have no doubt that I shall be able to make the necessary arrangements. I shall look forward to welcoming you at flat No. 4, 40 Acacia Avenue, to-morrow evening at seven-thirty. Good day to *you*, madam."

His interview with Miss Packs had lasted rather longer than he expected and, when he arrived at Mr. Clinch's training camp, Belvedere Tipp found his client anxiously awaiting him.

"Everything's ready," said the boxing promoter. "You'll find him on his own in the corner of the gym. I'll wait here in case you want me." He shifted restlessly from one leg to the other. "Everything all right?"

"I am well satisfied with progress," Belvedere Tipp assured him. "Kindly see, sir, that we are not interrupted."

Bill Broose was precisely where Mr. Clinch said he would be, seated in statuesque vacuity and gazing without inspiration at a still and forlorn punch-ball.

He trained a scowl on his visitor, which halted Belvedere Tipp at a safe distance.

Belvedere Tipp's simply worded explanation of the League and all it stood for left him in an agony of concentration.

"And we are very gratified, sir," said Belvedere Tipp, "to know that you have had the courage to renounce this vile business of fighting."

"Uh," said Mr. Broose.

"Then," persevered Belvedere Tipp, "may I take it, sir, that you will attend our meeting?"

Mr. Broose agitated fourteen stone of meat and muscle and stood up. "Nix," he said.

"But my dear sir," protested Belvedere Tipp, backing slightly, "we were looking forward so much to welcoming you. Miss Firkin will be bitterly disappointed. And so will Miss Packs."

"*Uh?*" boomed Mr. Broose. "*'Er!*"

"She is one of our most valued members, sir."

Mr. Broose sank into a state of bovine reflection. "She ain't sed nuthin' ter me," he announced.

"Ah," said Belvedere Tipp. "I only advised her of the meeting half an hour ago, and she begged me to tell you straight away. And she also asked me to mention, sir, that there would be plenty of time to go to the—er—'Smugglers' Cavern' afterwards."

A beatific smile billowed over Mr. Broose's homespun features.

"Then I may take it, sir, that you will attend?" said Belvedere Tipp, with the smooth confidence of a man gathering up the last trick of a grand slam.

"Uh!" agreed Mr. Broose, apparently in a state of rhapsodic anticipation.

"Excellent!" purred Belvedere Tipp. "Mr. Clinch and some of your colleagues will be coming as well. They will show you the way." And before Mr. Broose's mental apparatus had a chance of reacting to this further startling disclosure, Belvedere Tipp was already *en route* to his next interview.

When he reached the little country inn where Slogger Smith trained during the last week or so before a fight, the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, saw no harm in resting for a while in the very inviting bar parlour and fortifying himself against the tricky task that lay ahead.

He was still debating the best means of approaching his man, when the landlord suddenly leaned across the bar and nodded towards the door.

"That's Slogger Smith," he said, in a whisper.

Belvedere Tipp put down his glass. A young man in a geometrically square-shouldered, broad-striped flannel suit had just come in. With a nod to the landlord, he sat down at the ancient piano in the corner and began to play, beating time with an immaculately suede-shod foot.

Like Bill Broose, he was massive, but there the resemblance ended. While Mr. Broose was unimaginable in any capacity other than that of a boxer, Slogger Smith would not have disgraced the best of film studios. After a little while, he began to croon.

Belvedere Tipp went over and, choosing his moment with care, introduced himself.

"Good Lord," exclaimed The Slogger, letting his hands drop gracefully from the keys and speaking in the latest B.B.C. accent. "You made me jump! If you want my autograph, you'll have to buy me a drink. I'm allowed two a day."

Back at the bar, Belvedere Tipp embarked, for the third time that day, upon a careful explanation of the aims and objects of the League. The Slogger listened with polite and well-concealed ennui until the subject of the morrow's meeting was broached. Then he permitted himself a stifled yawn.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "I couldn't bear it."

Belvedere Tipp pressed on with the persistence of a suave steam-roller. "On the contrary, sir," he murmured, "I can assure you that you will find our meeting full of interest and inspiration."

"Maybe," admitted The Slogger, "but what's the use? I'm not going to chuck my work just because you don't like it!"

"My dear sir," exclaimed Belvedere Tipp, in reassuring tones, "attending our meeting would place you under no obligation whatever. All we ask is that you should hear the views expressed by some of our most able leaders." He drew from his pocket a cutting from the society column of a daily newspaper, given to him by Mr. Clinch, and bearing a picture of Miss Packs. "This young lady, sir, is one of our most enthusiastic members. And it was she who deputed me to approach you."

The Slogger kept his eyes on the cutting. "Well," he said, thoughtfully, "there mightn't be any harm in just talking things over."

"Excellent," purred Belvedere Tipp. "Then I may take it as settled, sir?"

The Slogger wavered, but he was not to be so easily persuaded as Mr. Broose. "No," he said, in firm but reluctant tones, "but I'll keep the cutting, if I may. You see," he added apologetically, "I've got a big fight coming off soon. I just can't take any risks until it's over."

Belvedere Tipp frowned appropriately. "Indeed," he observed and with an air of disapproving innocence. "May I inquire, sir, who is the other party to the fight?"

"New man," said The Slogger, obligingly. "Supposed to be tough. Called Broose."

Belvedere Tipp staged a magnificent start of astonishment. "Broose!" he cried. "Why, sir, he is our latest convert!"

The Slogger's foot slipped off the bar rail with a bang. He stared at Belvedere Tipp as though he were something dangerous. "Are *you* bats," he inquired, politely, "or am I?"

"I assure you, sir," said Belvedere Tipp, earnestly, "that I am telling you the absolute truth. Mr. Boose was converted by Miss Packs."

The Slogger appeared dazed. He took another look at the cutting. "I know!" he exclaimed, with a sudden grin. "He's just leading her up the garden."

Belvedere Tipp shrugged his shoulders. "Seeing, sir, is believing," he observed. "Mr. Broose will be at our meeting to-morrow. No doubt he will be ready to confirm what I have told you."

The Slogger regarded him searchingly, but even the most suspicious of minds could hardly have doubted Belvedere Tipp's sincerity. "All right," he decided, suddenly. "I'll come and see for myself. If it's true, Clinch'll darn well have to find my share of the purse."

The next evening, Belvedere Tipp arrived at Miss Firkin's flat well in advance of the time fixed for the meeting. Miss Firkin, who had been given the afternoon off for the purpose, had made all the necessary preparations with her customary thoroughness. A couple of card tables, covered by a spotless white tablecloth, and placed together near the wall in her largest room, were reserved for the chairman. On them, in the approved manner, stood a water carafe, surmounted by an inverted tumbler. In front, all the chairs she could muster were ranged in orderly rows. Messages of peace, goodwill, and brotherly love, conscientiously improvised in Miss Firkin's neat printing, adorned the walls.

"Excellent!" said Belvedere Tipp, casting a supervisory eye around the room.

Miss Packs was the first to arrive, bubbling over with a zeal that even Miss Firkins frigid enthusiasm failed to diminish. When she learned that Slogger Smith was to be present, she nearly fell on Belvedere Tipp's neck.

"Mr. Tipp," she cried. "You're wonderful!"

"Mr. Smith," said Belvedere Tipp, "showed every sign of wishing to talk matters over with you. I think, madam, you will find him a ready listener."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Clinch, Bill Broose, and a selection of grinning and embarrassed trainers, boxers, and sparring partners from the camp.

Mr. Broose, beetroot from the edge of his size eighteen collar to the roots of his scrubbing-brush hair, bore down on Miss Packs, with a posy peeping from his massive fist.

Belvedere Tipp kept an anxious eye on the door. As though in answer to his thoughts, Slogger Smith chose that moment to amble in. Without wasting any time, he made a bee-line for Bill.

"What's all this about you crying off?" he demanded.

Mr. Broose removed his eyes momentarily from Miss Packs, noted the identity of his interrogator with disgust, and turned them back again. "Fighting's sinful," he said.

The Slogger clapped him resoundingly between the shoulders. "Now, who'd have thought you had a sense of humour!" he cried. "You won't make me laugh when we're in the ring, will you?"

Before Mr. Broose could re-focus his attention, Miss Packs had answered for him. "Bill will never go in the ring," she cried. "He's promised me never to fight again!"

"What!" exclaimed The Slogger. "You're not in earnest?"

Miss Packs removed her hand from Bill's arm and placed it on The Slogger's. "And so will you," she wheedled, "before I've finished with you."

"Don't be silly," murmured The Slogger, happily, gazing into her eyes.

"I suggest, sir," broke in Belvedere Tipp, suavely, "that you and Miss Packs have a quiet little chat somewhere. I feel sure that she will bring you to our point of view."

"Unless I bring her to mine," grinned The Slogger. "Still, it's a grand idea. I'm all for it."

Miss Packs let out a whoop of delight. "Oh, how marvellous! My car's outside. We'll run down to 'The Smugglers' Cavern'——" She broke off at an ominous rumbling emanating from Mr. Broose. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Bill," she said, contritely. "I'd quite forgotten. You'll have to come some other time."

The rumbling increased, but Mr. Broose remained inarticulate. Mr. Clinch and the boys closed round expectantly. But full comprehension had not quite dawned on Bill. Belvedere Tipp decided that the moment was ripe for bringing matters to a head. "I should take the young lady away, sir," he suggested to The Slogger.

The Slogger obeyed with alacrity. And, as Belvedere Tipp anticipated, that did the trick. For one tense second, Mr. Broose seemed about to burst. Then, with a roar that released the pent-up emotions of weeks, he hurled himself at The Slogger. Simultaneously, the boys hurled themselves at Bill. The boys won, and Bill departed amid a seething mass of flying legs and arms.

As they disappeared, Miss Firkin sank weakly on to a chair and produced a bottle of smelling salts. Belvedere Tipp awaited the return of Mr. Clinch with composure.

He had not long to wait. Mr. Clinch came bounding back, waving his cheque book. "Mr. Tipp," he cried, "you're a great man. Bill's fighting mad. He's started training again already." He smiled gleefully. "Heaven knows what he'll do to The Slogger now."

Not having made a note of the date, he failed to look for the result of the fight and, had it not been for a chance encounter with Mr. Clinch some time afterwards, the matter would have been forgotten.

Mr. Clinch seemed less pleased to see Belvedere Tipp than the founder of Delicate Missions, Limited, was to see his former client. "Broose!" he said, savagely. "Don't talk to me about Broose!"

"My dear sir," said Belvedere Tipp, "I trust that nothing further happened to prevent the fight?"

"Prevent it!" Mr. Clinch laughed hollowly. "His first big fight," he snarled, "and he was knocked out in the first round!"

MURDERER OR MONK?

"Little John" Sarto was a "killer," chief of a gang of desperate gunmen which terrorised Chicago .....Brother Orchid dwelt in the seclusion of the monastery, a pious, saintly, tender-hearted monk .....and they were one and the same man! Here is a yarn by **RICHARD CONNELL**, that will thrill and mystify you as never before! In the "Passing Show"

NEXT WEEK

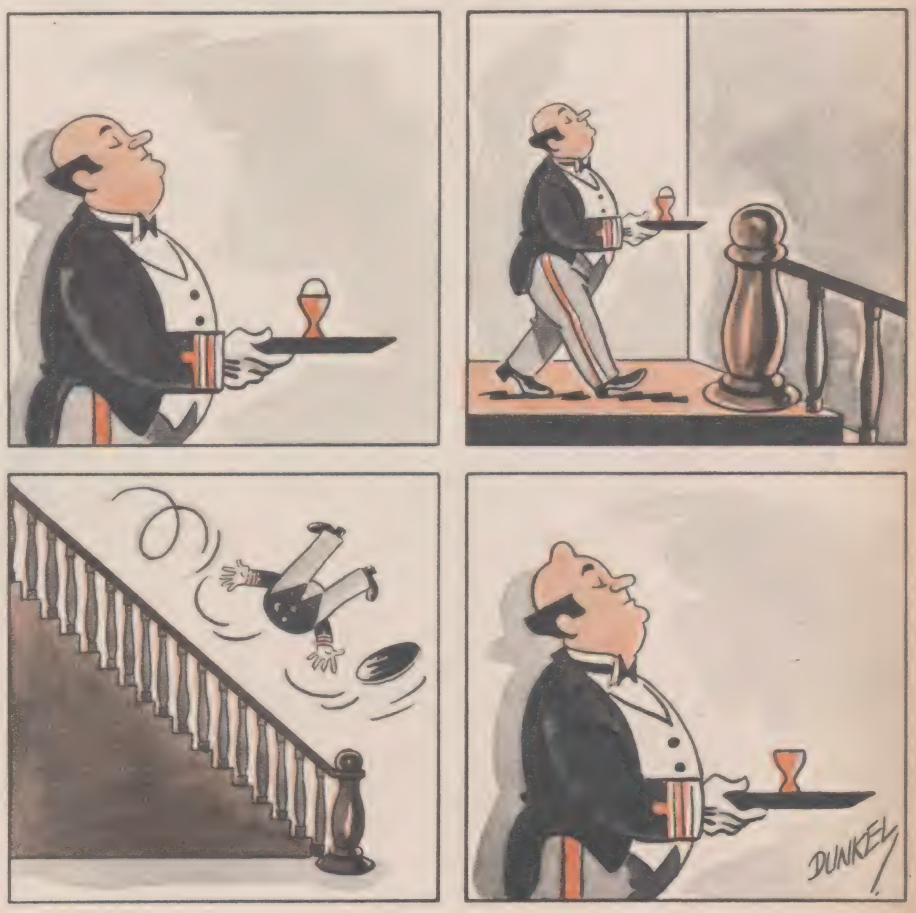
Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW

" This is the only chance I get to practise my polo."

" And these are the ones I planted myself."

" Hurry up and get the washing in, we're submerging."



lkter

W" Smile Section

" Never mind, chaps, it was good practice."

" He is a difficult child; this is the only way we can get him to take a bath! "

" We had him as a pup and not realising how big they grow, it's cost us a lot for kennels"

" No worries with native porters for me! "

A MAN TOO LATE

by A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"This is just a precaution. Uncle walks in his sleep and the weather has been so bad lately."
Munchner Illustrierte, Munich.

"If you will not marry me I shall throw myself on to land."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

CAMEO STORY

NEW RECRUIT

BY ANDREW W. ROBERTSON

"SQUAD—Squad Shun!" And the long line of redcoats came to attention.

The Commandant first of all had a look at their dressing and then slowly walked down the line.

Here he would stop and look at something. Next chat to a man. Now and then he would spot something or other. Then here and there an odd compliment.

Inspecting troops was an art which the Commandant had perfected. In fact, he had developed it into a fine art. It had taken years to learn but now he had finally perfected it.

He knew he was good at it. Even the men, and particularly the old soldiers, had noticed it. His eagle eyes let them know that he missed nothing.

The Commandant had inspected troops everywhere. In Mons before the battle. Then after the retreat. In Passchendaele, when he could nearly count the survivors of his battalion on his fingers.

In the deep Russian snow at Archangel and in Cologne with the British occupation and before a somewhat critical audience of German onlookers. And next out under a blazing Indian sun and many times in England.

He was always fair. Reprimands would be given if anything were wrong, or names taken. Now and again a compliment. If someone needed to be ticked off, then someone else had to be praised. It sort of evened things.

In due course, the Commandant had inspected the line until he came to the last man. His eagle eyes gave this man extra attention.

First of all he looked at his hat which was well-brushed and new. Next the red coat, well pressed and the buttons shining in the sunlight.

The trousers had been creased and the brilliant sunshine reflected itself in the well polished boots. And the man was well shaved.

But it was his bearing which attracted attention. Head up. "Eyes looking straight forward at nothing" as the drill book puts it. His chest was out and he was standing erect.

"So you're our new recruit," said the Commandant.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"And your name?"

"Private Albert Smith, sir," replied the man.

"Well, Smith, you look as though you'll make a good recruit. But you must realise that you're in for a different kind of life here.

"A life to which you have not been accustomed. We live here by rules and regulation and all must keep them. Such rules have been devised because they are the only way in which to run a large community of men. And they are for the advantage of all."

While the Commandant was saying this he observed the eyes of Private Albert Smith looking at his V.C. He was pleased at this observation for it was a source of pride to the Commandant.

But this did not deter him and he continued: "Also, you will be expected to keep your uniform in good condition. You are, in fact, a privileged person entitled to wear a uniform given you by a grateful country.

"And when in uniform you must always remember to do nothing which will either disgrace it or yourself. And when in it you can hold your head high. For it is an honourable uniform.

"Then there are several duties which you are expected to do. But you must remember that you are not alone in having to do them. For such duties are expected of everyone here.

"And in return you will be expected to surrender one or two things you have enjoyed in civilian life. But again everyone else has to do the same.

"I am sure you will carry out all that is required of you. And carry it out well. Also, you will find yourself among the finest lot of men going. I know, for I'm in charge of 'em.

"Also, as you seem to have knocked around a bit I'm sure you'll fit in all right and soon make new friends among the others. I think you'll like it here."

"I'm sure I will, sir," said Private Smith.

"Oh, by the by, Smith, how old are you?"

"Seventy-eight, sir," replied Smith.

But this didn't amaze the Commandant for you see, Private Smith was the new recruit for the Chelsea Pensioners.

The Commandant had inspected troops in Passchendaele, when he could nearly count the survivors of his battalion on his fingers

"Don't open the flap, mummy. Peter is in there developing films."
Fliegende Blatter, Munich.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

FINEST SHEFFIELD TOOLS

ONLY are included in the new and improved G.T.L. Tool Chest, making it better value than ever.

ALL BEST BRITISH

WITH THE ALL-BEST-BRITISH

G.T.L. Tool Chest

AND HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT

7 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL

•

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

YOUR spare time can be turned to good account if you've a G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit. With it you can make a thousand-and-one useful articles for your home and garden, and it opens up a new and inexpensive way of adding to the comfort, convenience and amenities of your property, while saving you literally pounds a year in repairs for which you would otherwise have to pay. Incidentally, it also affords a new pleasurable way of adding to your income by making articles to sell. So that—with a G.T.L. Tool Chest—instead of spending money in your leisure hours, you will be making it, saving it, and enjoying it.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A valuable FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. Even if you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

THE NEW AND IMPROVED G.T.L. TOOL CHEST

The new G.T.L. Chest for 1938 has been vastly improved by the inclusion of additional Tools and improvements to existing ones. Now there are **nearly sixty** high-quality articles, all the finest Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality, completeness and arrangement. This Chest *is the original and only* G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest.

A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU THE G.T.L. TOOL CHEST AT ONCE ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your Home CARRIAGE PAID and packing free. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

GUARANTEED TOOLS LTD., 12-13 Chiswell St. London, E.C.1.

TO READERS OF "THE PASSING SHOW"

A Beautiful 16-page BOOK describing the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing, will be sent free if you **POST THIS COUPON NOW**

To:—GUARANTEED TOOLS LTD.
12-13 Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1

Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment.

(PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.)

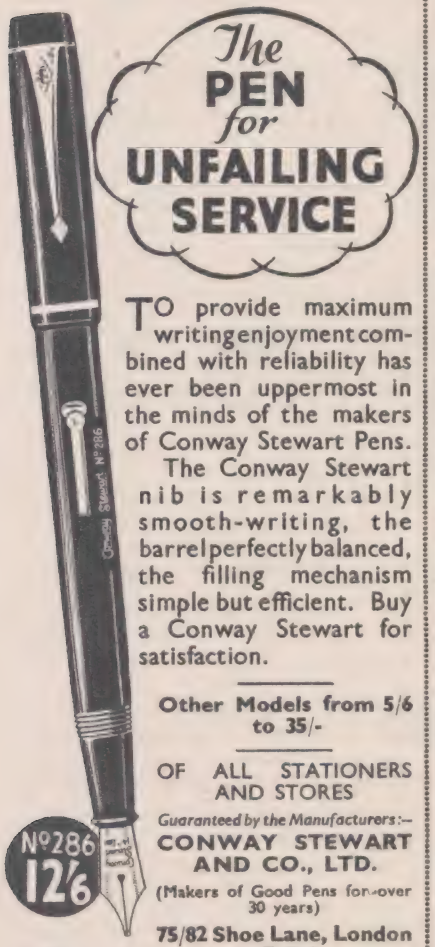
Name .....

Address .....

.....

P.S. 10/9/38. ½d. stamp is sufficient if in an unsealed envelope.

The cost of a new weather-tight roof for any small building
is only the cost of a roll of
PLUVEX
Standard 5/6 • Heavy 7/6
108 sq. ft. in every roll
Of Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants. Send coupon for interesting FREE Booklet "How to make a sound job of a small roof" and samples of PLUVEX.
PLUVEX ROOF FELT
To The Ruberoid Co., Ltd.,
140 Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book.
Name.....
Address.....
.....



The **PEN** *for* **UNFAILING SERVICE**
TO provide maximum writing enjoyment combined with reliability has ever been uppermost in the minds of the makers of Conway Stewart Pens.
The Conway Stewart nib is remarkably smooth-writing, the barrel perfectly balanced, the filling mechanism simple but efficient. Buy a Conway Stewart for satisfaction.
Other Models from 5/6 to 35/-
OF ALL STATIONERS AND STORES
Guaranteed by the Manufacturers:—
CONWAY STEWART AND CO., LTD.
(Makers of Good Pens for over 30 years)
75/82 Shoe Lane, London E.C.4
No 286 12/6
Conway Stewart

Bennie, the boxer, thought a great deal of Zoe. In fact, he thought so much that it took a straight left to jolt him back to his senses

A RICH GIRL LIKE ZOE

BY
B. L. JACOT
ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWARD OSMOND

IF you raised your eyes much above the level of the ropes, the glare from the cluster dazzled you. But he couldn't help looking for Zoe. Something must have happened to her. That fellow with the grin who was always driving her round in his car must have got Zoe into an accident. Every time he looked up through the glare into that wall of faces, his eyes jerked straight to the gap that was her empty seat.

Bennie knew he had to win this fight. He knew he had to watch this 200 lbs. of ebony dynamite. Sixty thousand people had come to cram the stadium to see which of the two would battle through to meet the world champion next June.

A slam came out of nowhere to take him over the left cheekbone. He never saw it. That meant this negro, Joe Sloan, had noticed him gaping round. He had to watch out for him. He was quick as lightning and the fight meant a lot to him, too. Hooking his chin in a clinch, Bennie let the referee separate them. Rich girls like Zoe were different from ordinary girls. You never had to worry—for instance—about Elsie, back at home.

It didn't do him any good worrying about Zoe, he knew, but he had to keep on looking. Going on for the end of the second round and Zoe hadn't turned up.

He finished that round working with his feet, keeping the fight on Joe's doorstep. He knew he could win in the eighth or ninth, if he didn't make any mistakes and let the negro in. Bennie Rair was tough. He was fighting a long way from home, for he was a coal miner out of South Wales.

In the third round he took a smack on the jaw that rattled up to the top of his head and, before he could change his weight, Joe Sloan crushed home a right across to the body. That was punishment, but Bennie could take it. He was tough, but he took a rest on one knee. He was thinking of Zoe. There was something about her he had never imagined, something that lifted him up to the clouds. And all the time he felt he ought to be touching his cap to her—a rich girl like Zoe with everything she wanted.

When he pushed up on seven he was unsteady. Bennie was a crafty fighter. When Joe jumped in to make the most of it, Bennie stopped him with a straight left like mud hitting against a wall. Hitting Joe Sloan was like hitting a motor tyre, but this time it felt different. Bennie felt the scrunch of that drive as it sank into the vitals of the negro, and as the other sagged over into a clinch, Bennie lifted a stiff hook into his stomach. He could feel the negro's heart beating like a ball jumping inside a bag. That meant that he could give back more than he had to take. Bennie knew the fight was his, if he kept out of mistakes.

Freddie Rason, his manager, was yapping at him when he got back to his corner, but, like all fighters, Bennie knew that people outside of yourself and the man you're fighting know nothing about what's happening. He didn't answer. Bennie never said much. He didn't smoke. He didn't drink. And until Zoe took him over, everyone knew he had a steady girl at home and didn't play around. Elsie was a good sort.

Freddie said that Zoe Fleming, just before Bennie came along, eloped with her mother's chauffeur, and that there was a bad ten days for her family, she being eighteen, or something. But Bennie liked to think out one thing at a time. She loved him. She kept on telling him so, and Bennie had not got himself over that miracle yet.

Joe had lost some of his speed. He wouldn't get all of his condition back. But Bennie had to watch him. Bennie was hoping that Zoe was not badly hurt. "What the hell are you mooning at?" Freddie Rason yelled at him when he went back to his corner. "Why didn't you kill him?"

Bennie didn't answer him. He knew the fight was his. When the only games you have played are pitch-and-toss and football with a tied rag on the ground round the back of the gas-works, polo and yachting and receptions with dancing in palatial homes hardly seem real. There was generally that fellow with the grin hanging around, though.

He went into the next round confidently. Joe was showing his speed to collect points and hide his punishment. There was scarcely a sting in the stuff he was flinging out. Bennie kept him off and waited. He was thinking that at one time he thought Elsie too grand. That was when he was a miner. He used to think *Elsie*

A blinding shaft of light filled his eyes as something landed on his chin . . . Zoe was in this man's arms smiling up into his face. "Isn't it time you quit fooling round with this big ox?" the man asked her

was beyond his reach! When they interviewed Elsie at the hairdressers' place she worked at, she said: "I've known Bennie for years. We're good friends, but there's nothing in it."

He jabbed the negro's chin back with a lucky hook and, catching him on his heels, followed it with a left-right to the body. Joe was on the ropes now. Weight, smashing through his guard, would have crumpled him, but as Bennie swung it he saw a woman move over to a seat. He realised at once that this was the wrong side of the ring, but pulling on the ropes Joe had tossed himself into a hold, and was clinging like a 200-lb. leech.

Elsie said that to the reporters because he hadn't written. She was a good sort—proud. Her father was a miner. They would have been married by now, if he hadn't been winning these fights. Six in a row, with the world champion ahead. Elsie had never said she was crazy about him, but Bennie spent a couple of years hoping she might be, some day; Elsie had never seen him in a dinner jacket. He was thinking Elsie wouldn't even know what fox-hunting was.

He almost had a fight with Rason in his corner. "You've only three more rounds, you fool!" Rason yelled over the noise. "D'you want to lose?"

He didn't answer. Bennie never said much. Neither did Elsie. Many an evening they had spent walking together without a word. They seemed to understand one another. He tried to imagine Elsie shouting out just like an excited child—like Zoe did: "Oh, Bennie, *darling*,

I'm *crazy* about you!" Even when Elsie gave up going with other boys because of him, she only called him Bennie.

Joe Sloan had a name for coming after you like a mad tiger. Joe started things that next round, but Bennie had the speed and the balance. When Joe came Bennie banged him around. It was grand footwork and the crowd were yelling. Bennie began putting more weight into his drives. There was small chance of mishitting now, with Joe half gone. Suddenly he thought: "You can never be sure what Zoe is going to do. She's always late, isn't she? Perhaps she hasn't had an accident, but just changed her mind about coming."

With Zoe, so many men seemed to think they had a claim to her time. In these smart dance places men from the band would come over to talk to Zoe as if they'd known her all their lives. "Now that I've met you, darling," she told Bennie once, "I wish I'd never met all these other men." That was the night Bennie gave her the pendant he had bought. Platinum and diamonds: it would have bought a house in Maestag. She lost it as they were coming home, and Bennie realised then that when you are rich, anything like that doesn't bother you.

The negro was working round to the left all the time, trying to take him on the wrong foot as he moved to counter, then bore in. He had to stop worrying about Zoe. He would trust her anywhere with anyone, and he would have heard by now if she had been in an accident. He snapped over ahead of the other's feint, and jabbing a left into his shoulder swung a heavy right on a roll of the right shoulder and thigh. The negro took it covered up, but the crushing weight threw him like a sack on to the ropes. In Joe Sloan's eyes Bennie read that he knew what was coming. The slam to send him to sleep.

Poised to an ounce either way, Bennie moved in to kill. What followed is not quite clear to him. By a freak of the tumult of noise a woman's voice sounded: "*Bennie!*" The cinema pictures show he left himself wide open as he spun round. A blinding flash of light filled his eyes as something landed on the point of his chin and the noise faded to a queer dead silence as he seemed to drop off into space.

Bennie had never been knocked right out. He knew he wasn't right out now. But, all the same, something funny was happening. A feeling had got loose inside him and he was roaring mad and jealous of that man with the sneering grin who was always driving Zoe round. Bennie knew he wasn't out, for he was running up a short flight of stone stairs to the little house on top of a skyscraper where this man lived. Somehow he was feeling that he knew all this was bound to happen. That it had all happened before.

Zoe was in this man's arms by the french windows, smiling up into his face—just like she used to smile up into Bennie's. "Isn't it time you quit fooling round with this big ox?" the man asked her.

The girl laughed. "Oh, *him*!"

Bennie didn't go after the man. He knew then he just hated Zoe. He knew what she really thought of him, and it

(*please turn over*)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

'I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used.' Miss PHYLLIS DARE.

'A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.' Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

'Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the Skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful Soap.' Miss FAY COMPTON

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

One must not think of the cheap tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its normal price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.16), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

With Its Most Glorious Perfume

"I find Doge Cream perfectly delightful. It keeps the skin so smooth and refreshed, also keeps it in wonderful condition. I will always use it." Miss MARIE LOHR

"I think Doge Cream is a really remarkably fine cream. It is wonderful for the skin and keeps the complexion perfect. I shall be very happy to recommend it." Miss IRENE VANBRUGH

"Doge Cream is a really delightful cream, exceptionally soothing to the skin and wonderful for the complexion." Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

"I use Doge Cream because I cannot afford a complexion less than perfect and I know of nothing else that keeps the skin so smooth, fresh and beautiful." Miss MARY LAWSON.

"I find Doge Cream splendid for the skin and so soothing and ideal after exposure to the wind and sun. It keeps the skin so smooth; it is perfect for a sensitive skin. I will always use it." Miss RENEE KELLY

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these.

Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

IN TUBES 6D. & 9D. IN POTS 1/- & 2/-

***Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores* or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De.27), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE!

SUN TAN

Robust Health and Fitness

with

THE WORLD-FAMOUS

'HEALTH RAY'

(Dual Purpose-Patented)

SUN LAMP

ULTRA-VIOLET OR INFRA-RED

(It takes less than one minute to change)

ULTRA-VIOLET *rays will give you a wonderful TAN and increase your vigour and vitality.* **INFRA-RED RAYS** *banish without drugs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Skin Eruptions, Nervous Illnesses, etc.*

NOW you can have these penetrating, healing rays effectively and economically right at home, with this modern miracle.

READ WHAT A FEW OF THE HEALTH RAY OWNERS WROTE US AFTER ONLY 7 DAYS' TRIAL

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS: "I can give you the good news that the pains have almost gone."—A. B., Sheffield.

RHEUMATISM: "Rheumatism I had in the knee has left me, also heat spots on the brow."—A. R., Harrogate.

"In the short time I have had the lamp it has brought relief to three sufferers of rheumatism, cured a bad case of acne."—J. B., Stockport.

PSORIASIS: "Believe it or not, it has taken all the psoriasis off me completely. I had some rashes on my body larger than half-crowns, the rest were small spots covering every inch of my body, arms and legs, but ten minutes with the lamp a few nights cured them completely."—S. K., Keswick, Cumb.

"Have been suffering from psoriasis for the past 16 years. I have found your Health Ray has done me more good in one week, than all the ointments, etc., I have taken in 16 years."—R. G., S.W.1.

TAN: "The set of carbons supplied with the lamp have certainly given me a tan."—H. B., Essex.

"After a week's trial, my friends are asking me if I have been to the South Sea Islands."—R. C. G., B'ham.

"Lamp is living up to its reputation, no trouble to operate, and I look like I had just returned from South Africa."—C. A., Aberdeen.

"The Lamp is splendid, easy to manipulate and efficient in action. It is better than one I had some years ago costing over £20."—T.W., W.9.

K.M. INFRA-RED and RADIANT HEAT LAMPS

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

Nearly 1,000,000 USERS

KEEP THAT HEALTHY TAN

If you cannot go to the sun, bring the sun to you. Glow with the **tan that looks so smart. TESTED** and approved by many of the finest testing laboratories, "Health & Efficiency," "Nursery World," "Child Life" (U.S.A.), Doctors, Osteopaths, etc.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

5/- DOWN and 5/- a month Buys a HEALTH RAY

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Put the "Sun" in your home—bask in its warm glow and enjoy to the fullest its health-giving properties. Made for home use. As safe and easy to use as electric light. Fully guaranteed. If ordering without waiting for details, state voltage. **57/6** Price complete **Carr.Paid**

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM HEALTH RAY CO., HAVELOCK CHAMBERS, SOUTHAMPTON.

---POST COUPON TO-DAY---

HEALTH RAY CO. (Dept. P.S.), Havelock Chambers, SOUTHAMPTON.

Please send full particulars of the "Health Ray" Sun Lamp.

Name .....

Address .....

..... P.S.A.

A RICH GIRL LIKE ZOE

Continued from preceding page

cleared up a lot of things in his mind. He turned and ran back down the stairs. As he ran a throbbing agony got hold of his chin, spreading up into his head. He opened his eyes into the blinding glare of the clusters and he heard someone shouting: "Seven . . . eight . . ."

He pushed up. He knew where he was now. Joe Sloan was moving out of his corner. He swung at him, trying to clear his head. The roar beating down on him was deafening. Bennie knew just where he was, now, and this was a fight. He knew what to do.

The bell gave him a breather and in the first half-minute of the following round he slammed all the fight out of Joe and knocked him out with a swing that sent him into the ropes and off them again like a slab of dough tossed off a cloth. In that half-minute Bennie let loose all he had. He was a rare fighter when he had his mind on it.

The landslide of noise, the stiff shirts that climbed through the ropes, the forests of hands that patted him over the shoulders—all this passed him by. When they pushed the microphones at him he turned away. A fellow in a soft hat persisted and Bennie brought one back to paste on to him, when he suddenly changed his mind. A grin came to take the tension out of his face. He motioned the microphones in, wiping his bloody lips.

"It was a grand fight," he said. "And Joe's a grand fighter. If folks are listening in Wales I've got a message for Elsie. I'm going out as soon as I'm dressed, Elsie, to send you a wire saying for you to come out as soon as you can. Good-night, Elsie. Good-night, everyone!"

"Why didn't you tell them what you were going to do to the Champ when you meet him?" Freddie demanded, when they got back to the changing rooms. "All that stuff about your old ma, or your best girl, is out of date. It don't go now."

"I meant it." The doctor was sticking plaster over the corner of his lip, but Bennie managed to speak. "You saw Zoe wasn't in her seat? Well, I can tell you exactly where she was, Fred. No, I'm not kidding. Like in a trance I was, man."

"I noticed it. Me and sixty thousand others. You woke up just in time."

"I went out of myself to see what I saw. I was guided by the Spirit! And when I got there I saw Miss Fleming in his arms by the windows."

The manager dropped the knuckles he was examining and they hit Bennies' side with a thud, but he did not notice. "Guided by your elbow!" Freddie said. "So it took a clout on the point to get it inside your head! That's one way of getting sense."

"I have an aunt with second sight and she——"

"Forget it, boy. Miss Fleming was sitting with the radio commentator in that little box just behind me all the fight. You're going to send that cable, aren't you?"

"Indeed, I am!" Bennie shook his head critically. "But you are wrong about Miss Fleming. I saw her in that man's room, man!"

"I know I'm wrong," Freddie assured him. "Sure! Of course! But talking about that spirit, of yours, Bennie, I should get it to do a bit more guiding—out of this building by the back door. Miss Fleming's waiting for you in the hall, where I left her when she came out of that radio box—you know—the one she wasn't in all the evening. Yes—that's the one. You know what she's like when she can't get just what she wants."

THE DEVIL COMES ABOARD

Continued from page 10

beauty taking on an added coldness under his insolent glance.

"So, he was only giving *me* a character," the spindly man jeered. "Did he get as far as telling you that I am Savaran, before whom bad rulers wither and even slime-minded Kadi wilt? Did he mention that I would be a king even now, if a rotten-minded moneybag hadn't undermined my Igogo warriors for his own foul profit? Did he mention that I am in Kjweli to settle with that midden of greed for that?"

"By jinks," Terry asked. "Who was this swine?"

"It is as I warned you," the Kadi managed to croak and he looked at Miriam Paston, who laid a quieting hand on her brother's arm, warning him against trickery. Savaran saw the gesture and the fierce bird head went back in a flash of laughter.

"So beauty, as usual, judges by rags and the smooth tongue of this living dung-heap of lies. But I, Savaran, tell you. . . ."

"You'll keep a clean tongue in your mouth," Euan Amory flared, "or, by heaven. . . ."

"The drummer-boy will slap me," the limby man said with ferocious geniality. "Better defer such a miracle until Savaran has finished his say."

"That is enough," the girl cried, icy under the man's boasting. "Mr. El Sifr, it is time you ended this disgusting intrusion."

"*Now!*" spat El Sifr, with a triumph that made even the lean man stiffen. "Keep your hands from your robes, braggart. Move and you are full of lead."

Even Savaran, so wise in sudden death, knew that. The Kadi had pressed his foot on the electric bell which was so necessary a modern convenience for a duplicity like his. The room was, therefore, now full of *dogari*, whose cruel black faces regarded Savaran over the sights of their workmanlike rifles. The gipsy face smiled largely round on the gun muzzles and he slowly raised his hands.

"Even Savaran cannot argue with twenty Mausers at five-foot range," he said. "One of your men might be quite a marksman. It would seem that the threat of Savaran made even your wits agile, El Sifr."

"Talk big." The fat Kadi was now all jeers. "It will not be for long. Put a gun against his spine, corporal, and search him."

Amid the rags of his robes they found a couple of automatic pistols, so wicked looking and well cared for that even Terry's face blackened in anger. Also they found the girl's purse and the envelope containing the map.

"Opened, you see!" Jilbis el Sifr mouthed in pious horror. "It is as I feared, but thank Allah, I have laid him by the heels in time."

Savaran saw by the looks of anger in the white faces, especially the girl's, that he had played into the Kadi's hands, the ever-raw edge of his pride made him flare:

"So I, Savaran, have been tricked into helping your thief's game to rob them? It is one more thing to remember, El Sifr."

The Kadi's face returned to its greeny tinge for a moment, and Miriam Paston frowned and asked coldly: "Surely he cannot still be dangerous?"

"*He*—never again!" El Sifr said, stiffening his courage with venom. "It is just his nature to boast."

"Tell the lovely lady what all Africa says of my boasts," the adventurer said, his bright eyes mocking the girl. "Savaran boasts—but his boasts come true."

"Take him away. Take him to the *kasbah*," the Kadi shouted.

Miriam Paston watched the bizarre creature's swaggering departure with a twinge of strange discomfort.

"Is it true what he says? Can he really make trouble?"

"Never again," Jilbis el Sifr said, contentedly. "There are two warrants out for him in Kjweli—both hanging charges."

Savaran, kicking his heels in a cell high up in the *kasbah*, was a prey to a notable rage. The hanging (with exotic local trimmings) that awaited him troubled a mind like his less than his private thoughts on Jilbis el Sifr. El Sifr, whom he had come here to punish, had, if that strange map meant anything, got the better of him in an affair of adventure and loot; above all else, El Sifr had belittled him, Savaran, in the eyes of a beautiful woman.

It was only when evening came and Savaran's rage had merged into a speculation of the chances of putting a spoke in the Kadi's wheel before Miriam Paston and her party left, that he remembered the coffin-maker.

The coffin-maker had told him that their ship left on next morning's tide, and the coffin-maker's yard was under the *kasbah* wall. Also the coffin-maker hated the Kadi el Sifr.

He sat still, listening. For a dreadful five minutes there was silence, then—tap-tap-tap; one man, at least, was working overtime on the coffins, getting them ready to go on the girl's ship.

Savaran's eyes gleamed as he stood up to study his window. It was closed with three straight bars. That did not worry him—he knew the rusts and neglects of Africa. It was high above his head, but that meant nothing to his cat-like strength. A spring, and his iron hands had the bars and his head was between them, surveying a steadily darkening world.

The first thing he noted was that the trees in the Little Sok screened him from all eyes; that was to the good. The next that the coffin-maker's yard was directly beneath him, with sixty feet of smooth stone wall in between; that was not so good. It would have seemed impossible of escape to an ordinary man, only Savaran made a habit of the impossible. He plucked a stout Arab shoe from his foot and flung it into the yard.

At the clatter the hammerer came into view; it was, as Savaran had felt sure, the coffin-maker, himself. The man stared up at the eagle face with some timidity, though the power of that face held him, while a tactful mention of El Sifr's name and evil won him. After that it was a matter of persuasion and in due course, a long rope was found, flung upward and caught. By its aid the end of one of the rickety bars was wrenched from the sill and bent enough to allow the lank body to slip through.

It was characteristic of Savaran that, even at the risk of his neck, he managed to bend back the bar so that no one would suspect his way of escape. Also, he manipulated the rope so that he jerked it after him once he had slipped down it. Such things, he knew, would convince Kjweli that demons had whisked him away through the very air and would help confuse his line of getaway.

That he had this all cut and dried from the first flash of inspiration was plain from the way he walked into the sheds where the consignment of Mecca coffins were ranked ready for removal. He eyed these with chuckling satisfaction. They were fine, roomy, if ramshackle coffins and three of them were yet unfilled.

"You say that a ship sails on the morning tide," he said. "I shall travel by that."

"*The Allah-Din*—impossible!" the man wailed. "She, like every gate and bolt-hole in Kjweli, will be searched and watched. Aie, she more than others, for the Kadi Jilbis el Sifr himself sails in her with the white Rumi."

"Better and better," the lean man cried. "I shall be able to deal with El Sifr more comfortably."

"But you will never get aboard," the coffin-maker wailed. "He will see to that for his own skin's sake. The guards already about the ship will be doubled, the search will be unrelenting. Only a miracle. . . ."

"Naturally—but then that is Savaran's habit—miracles," the other said, extravagantly. "You may, in fact, consider it as good as done."

The man writhed in fear: "It will be death . . ."

"Say merely a funeral," the eagle-smile flashed and he looked at the large, empty coffin at his feet.

The coffin-maker looked too, looked back at Savaran, then a slow, sly grin began to spread, conquering his fear.

"By the Eye!" he guffawed. "By the Eye! Yes, that is the one way. *Wa sidda*—is it surprising that Savaran should be known as the wonder of men?"

"Not in the least—merely a natural tribute," chuckled the lean adventurer, as he laid himself in the coffin.

NEXT WEEK:

Ghost in the Pantry

TO STUDENTS LIVING ABROAD

or on the high seas, a good supply of lessons is given, so that they may be done in their order, and despatched to us for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work, and in this way a continuous stream of work is always in transit from the Student to us and from us to the Student; therefore distance makes no difference.

A STAFF OF 197

are in daily attendance at this college at your service.

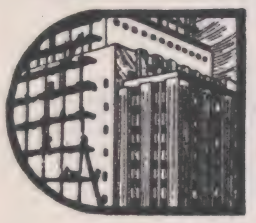
HOW TO STUDY

in your spare time when it suits YOU. You fix your own time, you do not GO to your studies—the postman brings THEM TO YOU. There is nothing that a class-room teacher can show on a blackboard that we cannot show on white paper. The lesson on a blackboard will be cleaned off, but our lessons are PERMANENT. A class-room teacher cannot give you a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever your work deserves it. On the other hand, he can, where necessary, point out your mistakes PRIVATELY.

EVERY DEPT. IS A COMPLETE COLLEGE: EVERY STUDENT IS A CLASS TO HIMSELF

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU ?

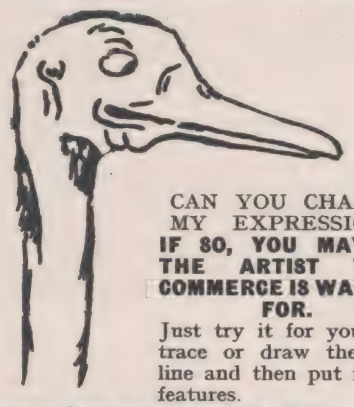
Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
B.Sc. (Estate Management)
Builders' Quantities
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Cambridge Senior Schools Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship. All branches
Engineering. All branches, subjects and Examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Insurance
Journalism
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All subjects
Mining. Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Novel Writing
Pattern Making
Playwriting
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Press Tool Work
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Radio Communication
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitmans)
Short Story Writing
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights and Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers



If you do not see your own requirements above: write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING

If you save 10/- per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2/6 per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds; then there is no need to save. Savings are likely to vanish, but earning capacity is a permanent investment.



CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION? **IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR.**

Just try it for yourself; trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Art Dept. 3

Jim Duck

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

. . . and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over 30 years proves that *the will to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

J. H. Bennett

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

DEPT. 3, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

JOURNALISM

SHORT STORY, NOVEL AND PLAY WRITING

There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in Story Writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examinations, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels or pictures is not a gift; it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is the most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required; we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it.

DEPT. OF LITERATURE 3

IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS NOW IT MAY MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FUTURE.

COUPON

CUT THIS OUT

To Dept. 3, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

Please send me (free of charge)

Particulars of.....

Your private advice about.....
(Cross out line which does not apply)

.....

.....

.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

AMAZING SUCCESS OF THE ENDURA HOME PERM

This NEW Home Perm takes only 2 HOURS and is the only product of its kind which contains EVOLIN OIL —the New Discovery which leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. Just three simple operations and, while you read, work, or sleep, your hair can be transformed into fascinating curls as lustrous and as beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as any ordinary permanent. Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

★ ★ ★

Discovered by Hollywood scientists, the Endura permanent wave is used by film stars in the leading studios. Even in their case, where cost is secondary, famous film stars find it the next best thing to naturally curly hair. Try this new sensational permanent wave and join the parade of smart, thrifty women. With the Endura outfit, consisting of fifty curlers and other necessary materials, there is brought to you the means of obtaining what has up to now been out of your reach by reason of its heavy cost—a beautiful lustrous head of natural curling hair—your CROWNING GLORY! Endura gives you lovely lasting waves, unaffected by wind, rain, sea water or atmospheric conditions. Saves you time and money and is actually good for the hair.

NO HEAT . NO MACHINE
NO ELECTRICITY

Mrs. P. of London.—I am writing to thank you for the splendid results I obtained, I wish you every success with it—certainly a wonderful method and so easy.

Miss L. P. of Stanmore.—The Endura Outfit which I had from you was very successful. Enclosed 7/6 for another outfit.

Miss K. L., Lancashire.—I purchased an Endura from you last November and the results proved to be extremely satisfactory.

Miss P. B., Walsall.—I permed my hair some months ago and was very successful indeed. Your advertisement is indeed true.

Miss M. Y., Bournemouth.—It is even better than a more expensive perm.

These are just a few of the testimonials we have received from hundreds of satisfied users!

★ Used by over 500,000 Women

NO HEAT · NO MACHINE
NO ELECTRICITY

ENDURA 7/6 COMPLETE WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS

SEND TO-DAY.—Complete outfit with full instructions—nothing else to buy—7/6 post free direct from ENDURA (ENGLAND), LTD. (Dept. 77), 51 Portland Road, Kingston, Surrey.

HELLO? 'HALO'?! 774 please

It's the one number which can't go wrong, for the 'HALO' 774 hair net is the best

Dainty, yet exceedingly well made, the 'Halo' 774 British Made art silk net will ably protect the most complicated setting. Wear it indoor, outdoor and for all sport. Try the 'Halo' 774 for yourself; it will cost only 2d. or 3d. with Lastex yarn non-marking edge—in all natural hair and 6 pastel shades. From Stores, Hairdressers, Drapers and Boots

HALO 774 HAIR NETS

Remember 'Halo' and ask for 774

The children will love it-

Cut some slices of "Bermaline," spread with fresh butter, and tea-time will be a delightful event.

BERMALINE BREAD *a treat to eat*

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies write "BERMALINE," 95 BOTHWELL ST., GLASGOW, C.2

The simple way to keep for ever

THE RAVISHING COMPLEXION THAT MEN ADORE

What does man most prize in the woman he loves? It is a skin always fresh and radiant. A complexion at once glamorous, thrilling, inspiring love and romance. You will find the secret of such undying loveliness in ***Rose Petal***, the wonderful new beauty wash that fits into a vanity bag. Before powdering, wash with ***Rose Petal***. Just a drop on a sponge. Rub over the face and a new complexion is born. All grease, dust, dirt and stale powder magically disappear. Enlarged Pores and Blackheads vanish for ever. The skin is smooth and fresh and vibrant with glowing health. Your face feels lovely, looks lovely, and keeps the bloom of a dew-kissed rose petal. Carry ***Rose Petal*** in your handbag, and have beauty wherever you go.

Rose Petal

The handbag beauty wash that has "glamour appeal"

Rose Petal is a liquid and after application leaves a perfect base for your powder. It is available in tubes complete with sponge and hygienic moisture proof container. The **6d.** *size fits into your vanity bag. The large tubes at* **1/-** *contain many weeks supply.*

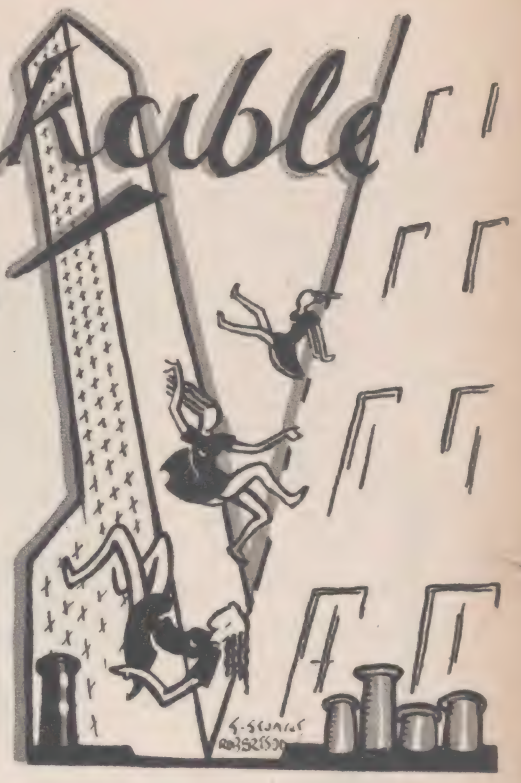
From Boots and all chemists.

COUPON Please send a trial tube of **Rose Petal** Beauty Wash. I enclose P.O. for 6d. STAR COSMETICS, LTD., 6a OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1. Phone Reg. 7470.

Name.....

Address.....

Unbreakable Girls.



HOW'D you like to be called upon to throw yourself out of a sixth-floor window, or jump off a cliff, or rush into a burning building, or stand on your head on the wing of an aeroplane?

I know I would hate it. But in Hollywood, if a film producer wants such a job done competently and with no risk of broken necks, he only has to call up the Hollywood Riding and Stunt Girls Association and, at a moment's notice, they'll supply feminine daredevilry at its best.

This organisation, which was formed about a year ago, has a membership of thirty-seven, good-looking daredevils. Frances Miles, who for twelve years has been a stunt girl, is president; says that there aren't any more really first-class, guaranteed stunt girls in Hollywood.

With the return to popularity of outdoor and Western type films, the girls are in great demand. When Sam Goldwyn wanted a couple of dozen for roles in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon, he had to be satisfied with only ten, and Miss Miles, one of that number, says he was lucky to get as many as that.

Film producers have found the association a real help, Miss Miles says, because the girls don't let any incompetents join their ranks. When the group was first formed they had a membership of nearly a hundred, but in a few months they were weeded out to the present thirty-seven experts.

Because the producers know they're getting first-class daredevils they don't mind paying a minimum price of £3 3s. a day, which is a good bit more than the sum which used to be paid for hit-or-miss stunt girls.

All the same, I think I'll stick to journalism.

★ Have you thought of planting endives, which you can use just like lettuces in winter salads?

The round-leafed endive is the hardiest type, and if you make sowings at weekly intervals throughout this month you will have a good winter supply. They should be sown in shallow drills set 18 inches apart, and when the plants are still tiny they should be thinned to 15 inches apart. If the weather is dry you must water well.

About three or four weeks before the endive is required for use, you should cover the plant with a box or a large flower pot (with the drainage hole blocked up.) This will produce a well blanched plant, although a piece of raffia tied loosely round, gathering the leaves together, will ensure quite good blanched hearts.

Endive salad with simple French dressing of oil and vinegar is very good.

★ There was a girl in this office who was working on a temporary job. All the permanent staff were terribly intrigued by her wonderful eyelashes, which we decided *must* be real, for they looked so absolutely natural.

On the day that the girl was leaving, I plucked up my courage and remarked on the length and curliness of her lashes. She was awfully nice about it, and quite honest, too, for she said: "Yes, they're rather good, aren't they—but they're not my own, you know!"

They were individual eyelashes which she had applied herself, and were quite indistinguishable from natural ones.

These artificial eyelashes are applied to each separate lash of your own, and afterwards are cut to suit the shape of the face. They last about ten days to a fortnight, when it is usually necessary to fill in a few more. They are sold in boxes which cost 5s. 6d. and contain a roll of lashes, enough for three or four full applications, bottles of solution for fixing and for removing, and full directions. They are obtainable in black and brown and are not affected by water so that you can go swimming without the fear of seeing your lovely eyelashes floating away from you on the first big wave!

If you want any more particulars, write to me, marking your envelope "Eyelashes."

★ I had a lovely lunch at a friend's house the other day. On our plates were scallop shells which contained a "mess" of food which was really delicious. By the side of the shells was a helping of mashed potatoes.

Before I left that luncheon party, I persuaded my hostess to give me the recipe and here it is.

Mix three sliced mushrooms, two minced leeks and one small onion chopped fine. Simmer in butter for about ten minutes, but do not allow the mixture to brown. Add the yolks of two eggs, half a cupful of cream and ¼ cup of water. Stir all this over a low flame, adding three tablespoonfuls of minced ham, two tablespoonfuls of stale white breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of sherry, and pepper to taste. Pour into four scallop shells and sprinkle with grated cheese. Put the shells into a shallow pan in which you have put a little water. Brown in a moderate oven.

★ Yeast seems to be pretty lively stuff. Look what it does to bread; it also does all sorts of things to wine. It's as good as medicine, too; yeast taken in milk or in medicinal preparations seems to make you feel fit enough to push a house over.

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

Now it has been discovered that an external application of yeast is most beneficial to the skin and complexion. A successful formula has been evolved which enables the active and regenerating principles of live yeast to be applied directly to the complexion in the form of a simply prepared beauty mask.

The ingredients for this mask are supplied in hygienic, heat-sealed sachets, and need only to be made into a smooth paste with a little warm water. The skin is gently massaged, and the pores opened by the application of a warm, wet towel; then the preparation is quickly spread with the finger-tips over the entire face and neck. The pack should be allowed to remain for half an hour before cleaning the face with a warm towel.

A box of this new preparation costs 2s. 6d., and contains enough for twelve applications, so it is really quite an inexpensive luxury that may be indulged in without extravagance.

It is most refreshing to use, is very effective in toning up and revitalising the skin, and removes blemishes. An extract of limes gives it a perfume and also has a softening effect on the complexion.

If you would like to try this revitalising yeast preparation, send me 6d. in stamps, marking your envelope "Yeast," and a sample containing sufficient powder for two applications will be sent to you.

★ I've just had a letter from a friend who writes to me of her recent visit to the Grand Casino at Vichy. I quote her letter:

"I was particularly impressed by the fact that the French *coiffeur* has completely changed his tactics since last summer. Most of the smartly dressed women and girls had their hair piled up quite high, if it were long, or brushed up from the nape of the neck and up from the ears and forehead if short—all in a rising movement which is extremely graceful and which demands a far better carriage than last year's fashion, for the head *must* be held regally. The actual rolling of the hair was done in lots of different ways, often with curls on top of the head.

"This upward, high movement was often supplemented by flowers or feathers. One young girl I remember particularly was wearing a gown of thin, pink taffeta; her hair was brushed up from the neck, and she wore a high, pink aigrette. A dark-haired woman who also looked ravishing wore a white evening gown with no ornaments whatsoever and, in her hair, at the top of her head in front, were three tiny, curling, red feathers. Another lovely girl, in a clinging gown of silver lamé, with her hair curled high, wore lamé ribbon bound around her head and tied in a great rosette right in front."

I'm awfully sorry but a mistake was made on my page in the August 20 issue. I told you about some special pyjamas and said that they were obtainable at ranging prices from 11/- for women's models and 12/6 for men's. These prices should have been 15/- and 17/6 respectively. Once again, my apologies.

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help

'THIS IS THE BOOK *that sent me to the* **BERLEI** *fitter*

'I wanted something I could dance in'

She'd a charming figure . . . almost equal measurements at bust and hips. She wanted sleek, slim lines . . . a glamorous Controlette . . . control without boning . . . and the flattest seams. The fitter showed her model 44027.

MODEL 44027 42/- MADE IN SEVEN SIZES, BUST 33" TO 39", EVERY INCH

She's taken **INCHES** *off my figure and* **YEARS** *off my age'*

Berlei
TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

There's a Berlei fitter, who can solve your figure problem, in every good store . . . . with special Berlei fittings for every type of figure at every kind of price.

Send for free booklet 'IT NEEDN'T HAPPEN'

BERLEI (U.K.) LTD., THE BUREAU, 208a REGENT ST., W.I. (Wholesale only)

Sugden's
AUTUMN FURS

By ten equal monthly payments

★

MISS VIRGINIA HALL SELECTS THIS BEAUTIFUL MUSQUASH COAT AS THE FUR BARGAIN OF THE WEEK

CASH PRICE 15 gns.
or 10 equal monthly payments

Nothing is added for credit. Go up a few steps and save pounds. Showrooms 1st Floor over Kodak. Next door to Galeries Lafayette. Furs sent on approval anywhere. Fur Specialists for over Fifty Years.

Sugden Furs 186, Regent St. W.1.

'Phone REGent 2236. Open until 7 p.m.

POST THIS TO-DAY FOR NEW CATALOGUE * Unsealed envelope ½d stamp

To C. A. Sugden, Ltd., 186 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Name.....

Address.....P.S.19

.....

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman, or friends.

THE VENTRILO

A little instrument fits in the mouth, out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A full course book on Ventriloquism, together with the Ventrilo. All for 6d., plus postage 1½d.

6d.

THE MAGIC BOX

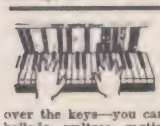
A MOST AMAZING TRICK JUST OUT

A sixpence is borrowed from one of your friends and marked by him so that he can recognise it for certain. Taking the coin from him you put your hand in your pocket and produce a firmly bound box. You ask him to open it and inside it he finds a matchbox similarly bound; inside that is a small bag, tightly sealed at the neck. And when he opens that his coin is inside! The trick is completely mystifying. Full instructions sent. Postage 2d. Price 1/-

PENETRATION OF A SOLID

The most outstanding mystery of recent years. A rod of steel can be made to penetrate a sheet of glass without breaking or cracking the surface. Full instructions sent. Requires no skill.

Price 2/6
Postage 3d.



NEW VAMPING CHART

Piano or organ—no teacher needed, surprisingly simple system. Persons having neglected their musical education need not despair, for with the aid of this Vamping Chart—placed upright over the keys—you can at once vamp to thousands of songs, ballads, waltzes, ragtime. No knowledge of music required. After using it a few times, you can dispense with it entirely. Postage 2d. Price 6d.

DOUBLE ACTION AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE PISTOL

PULL THE TRIGGER—OUT POPS A CIGARETTE THROUGH THE MUZZLE. Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc., with this clever double action Automatic Pistol cigarette case. IT LOOKS LIKE A GENUINE AUTOMATIC! When your friends ask for a cigarette, shoot one to them and see the fun.

1/6 Postage 3d.

EXPLODING BOOKS

An attractive spicy picture, and an alluring title on the cover would tempt almost anyone to want to open it, but immediately the cover is lifted a terrific bang is heard! Postage 2d.

Price 1/6

MULTIPLYING BILLIARD BALL

Wonderfully effective. Easily performed. One ball, two balls, three balls, and then four balls miraculously appear between the fingers, and as mysteriously disappear one by one until there are none. Full instructions. Price 1/-. Postage 2d.

MIDGET BIBLE—Great Curiosity

Smallest Bible in the World! Size of a postage stamp. Wonderfully clear printing. 224 pages. Weight under half an ounce. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Postage 2d. 1/-

STAGE MONEY

Get a wad of these notes and appear prosperous. The money is on good paper. By flashing a roll of these notes at the proper time you will be surprised at the result!

50 for 6d. 100 for 1/- Postage 2d.

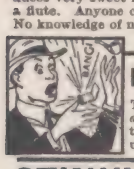
MAGIC SOOT

This imitation soot does not spoil or spot, but, oh! how it scares them. Sprinkle some over your friend's best shirt or the girl friend's new dress and see some real fun. It brushes off clean instantly. The best joke in 20 years. Price 6d. Postage 1½d.

MAGIC NOSE FLUTE

A unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined. Produces very sweet music that somewhat resembles a flute. Anyone can play it. Nothing to learn. No knowledge of music required.

Price 1/-



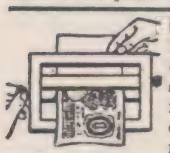
EXPLODING BOOK MATCHES

They look like real matches, but open with *aloudbang*! You will get plenty of fun from these innocent-looking matches. Can be used indefinitely. Postage 2d. Price 9d.

STINKY STINKERS

Place one of these tablets in your pal's cigarette or pipe and then get well away. In a few minutes your pal will be calling for the windows and doors to be opened. Gives out a smell you can almost see. Six tablets in each packet. Price, packet, 3d. Postage 1½d.

MAGIC £1 NOTE MACHINE



The most amazing little machine ever invented. Place a blank sheet of paper between the rollers, turn the handle and out comes a genuine 10/- or £1 note. Postage 3d. Price 1/-

HULA HULA DANCER

The Sensation of the Century

CAPTIVATING—TANTALIZING

A graceful figure of a dancer printed on a special stretched rubber sheet. A finger movement, easily worked, unobserved, and "Hula" comes to life, creating a nifty dance that will hold your audience spellbound. Postage 1½d. Price 6d.

REMIT BY P.O. OR ENGLISH STAMPS

Address all Orders to DEPT. P.S.

ELLISDON & SON

246, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

'LLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE WITH ORDER

E. G. Ellisdon, Ltd.

Concluding

WORLD WITHOUT TIME

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

IT is a fact that I never knew how close to death I was in those seconds of time when Reiner had me helpless on the floor of that cave. They told me later that his rifle butt was already descending to smash my unprotected head when the end came. I heard the sharp crack of a gun, and the next thing I knew was that a heavy body had fallen on top of me. When the crushing weight was removed and I was lifted to my feet, Reiner—the diamond expert from Cape Town—lay on his back with a thin stream of blood trickling from a neat hole in his forehead.

Dimly I was aware of another struggle going on close at hand, and when the mists before my eyes cleared I saw, rolling about the floor—locked together in a death struggle—the thrashing legs and arms of George Thormanson and Tiny Milton. Each had an arm free to pummel the other—and somewhere hidden between them an unknown prize for which both men were struggling madly.

I think all of us had decided we could not stand aside another moment when the last and fatal act occurred. The explosion of a revolver between the heaving bodies. In that moment the struggle ceased, and we stood very still, while a dreadful silence closed down upon us. Slowly Tiny Milton freed himself, stood upright—unharmed! When I looked down at George Thormanson he was dead, and the gun that killed him—his own gun which Tiny had taken away, long ago—slid from nerveless fingers. Even in this dreadful situation I could still marvel at the change which death brought to George Thormanson. His face altered before our eyes, became quite calm, the evil lines were smoothed out, erased—and there was peace!

An awed silence followed the revelation of death in our midst, while we stared at the two bodies on the floor and then at each other. Tiny Milton sagged against the wall, breathing in deep, painful gusts—pale, utterly exhausted. John Barley's voice broke the dreadful silence among us.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Milton," he advised gently. "If Davy and I hadn't reached you in time there would still be two dead men here—only different ones."

"You're right, John!" Tiny gasped. "Thormanson was out to kill me in any case, and—and I wanted to kill him."

"I have to thank both you and Davy for saving my life," I said, warmly. "These were bad men, John, and we. . . ."

"Of course!" the captain said, briskly. "There's no reason for any of us to worry over this affair. Nobody at home would dare to start an inquiry, and we are the only people who could give evidence. These men were killers, and you are both lucky to be alive. Where are the other three men who came here with them?"

"One's dead," I said, "and we have two wounded prisoners. Jimmy Wenderby stopped a rifle bullet, too, but the wound is not serious. We'd better leave these two here for the present, and get back to Sally Alton and her prisoner. I suppose you followed on after the women, John?"

"What else could I do?" John said. "As soon as they were missing aboard the ship, Davy and I set out to find them and you. Now I must see Mr. Wenderby as soon as possible to make a report. Things have been happening aboard the *Solar Star* since you left us. We have just learned that our own old world has changed during our absence."

John Barley would say no more on the subject at the moment. When we reached the temple a great, almost overwhelming reception awaited us. Nina, Sally and Jimmy Wenderby received us as men returned by a miracle from death. Jimmy heard about the death of George Thormanson and Reiner with a grave expression.

"There'll be trouble over this ghastly business in New York," he said, "and not only among my family. When John and I report George's death, as we're bound to do, the authorities may demand an official inquiry into all the circumstances."

"There's no reason for us to go into details, Mr. Wenderby," John reminded. "We can settle everything between ourselves before we make a report, and we

I looked up at the mountain range to witness a strange and awe-inspiring sight. High up in a lonely spur of the mighty snow-cap—still, upright and ethereal, stood the seven priests of Ooloom

have plenty of time to talk it over. I have to tell you of a much more important matter. Soon after you left the *Solar Star* to follow Mr. Thormanson, young Amos left the *Lydenburg* and came along to see me."

John Barley paused for a moment in his story. "After considering all the circumstances, sir—the temptation Mr. Thormanson put in the youngster's way—I think we might reinstate him and say no more about it. You see, Mr. Wenderby, we must have Amos and his radio with us on the return journey because time, nautical reckoning—everything is changed now."

"Changed!" Jimmy spoke in puzzled tones. "What has changed?"

"Time for one thing," John answered, slowly. "You must remember that Sunday night when the storm disabled the ship? It was impossible to make a true nautical reckoning after the storm, because time itself had changed—changed in a few moments, sir. I know it sounds ridiculous, but you can't ignore facts. Amos learned the whole story while he was sending and taking messages for Mr. Thormanson. On the night of Sunday, January 15th, at about midnight, an earthquake took place about four hundred miles below the earth's surface. Seismographs all over the world recorded the disturbance at the same time. The earthquake altered time, as we know it, because, according to the scientists, a re-arrangement of the earth's interior took place in such a way that a larger proportion of the earth-mass than formerly is now concentrated near its centre."

"Hell!" Jimmy exploded. "You talk like a physics-bug to me, John. So what?"

"As I understand it, sir," John continued, "this piling-up of matter near the centre caused the earth to spin faster round its axis. The force of gravity decreased, and time was altered by roughly ten per cent. Apart from a loss of ten per cent. in time, the re-arrangement of the earth's interior caused the magnetic poles to move. All compasses went wrong! That accounts for the *Solar Star* and Miss Alton's aeroplane being far off their proper course."

While John Barley was making these strange revelations I began to see light on other things which had puzzled me for a long time.

"And what you've told us, John, accounts for our being so light on our feet," I said, slowly. "We're all so used to it now that we've forgotten that queer experience after the storm. Remember how we found ourselves running up flights of stairs like champion hurdlers? The same loss of gravity must have been noticed by everybody all over the world. From what you have told us, we all lost a stone in weight that night! I wonder what else has happened since?"

"We'll soon learn when Amos gets busy on the homeward journey," the captain said. "Amos says there was widespread confusion at first. During the twenty-four hours following the storm scientists were busy comparing notes, exchanging opinions, giving advice, and between them they soon discovered what had gone wrong with time. It seems that everything has had to be readjusted to form a new day of twenty-two hours, and there is a new calendar of about four hundred days to the year."

"I feel I want to get back home and see how everyone is making out under the new conditions," Jimmy said, eagerly.

It was at this point of the conversation that Tiny Milton interrupted for the first time. "The world was going faster than humanity could stand when we left it," he said, reflectively. "Life will be hell let loose. Now there are two hours lopped off the day, life will be faster than ever. They'll be doing the same amount of work in less time!"

"That will surely be the way of it," I agreed. "There will be newspaper articles by the same old gang telling us how humanity must face this challenge 'and make a brave new world'—that nothing must be allowed to bar the path of progress. They always use 'progress' as a synonym for 'dividends.' It can be put so nicely that the people will be persuaded to do as much work in twenty-two hours as they did in twenty-four, under the impression they are making progress instead of profits."

While I talked thus about the new situation Aaneen had managed to reach Tiny Milton and, as he regarded her, Tiny seemed another and far happier man. She had a message for him and we all stood silent until Tiny spoke again.

"The old boy in the cave would like us all to gather round him," he announced. "While we've been chasing and killing each other around here, the seven priests have met and come to an important decision. A new decree is now being issued throughout Ooloom, and it concerns us. If Jimmy can't walk there he is to be carried to the conference."

Some time elapsed before we were all assembled in a wide circle about the wooden platform where sat the "Mouth of Ooloom." Without hesitation the aged patriarch raised his big eyes to mine and I came forward, automatically, to sit down on the ground before him. . . .

Sorrow flowed over me like a tide—a deep sorrow for Eenoon and another of the Ooloomians who had passed over, for the death and destruction wrought by my own people in this peaceful country—where, before our coming, all had been peace and contentment. My mentor made me understand that the gates of Ooloom had been opened to the world again to discover whether—throughout the many centuries that had passed since the closing—the inhabitants had sought to make themselves a civilised people. Alas! If anything the outside world was in an even worse state than formerly. We were still barbarians—more greedy, more cunning, more ruthless than ever in our pursuit of wealth. The "Mouth of Ooloom" feared now that we would never change—that the desire for great possessions, the religion of money was too deeply ingrained to allow wisdom and love to find a place in the hearts of my people. In fact, the aged priest and his colleagues feared that we who lived outside Ooloom would never attain to real civilisation.

What could such a small and helpless country as Ooloom do against the forces of evil outside its borders? This was a question that had been asked and answered in the long ago by seven of their ancestors. The answer must still be the same. Ooloom must be closed again—sealed against invaders who might follow in our footsteps to gain material wealth. For this reason we must leave Ooloom at once so that natural forces could be set moving to isolate the country and make it safe from invasion. He regretted the necessity, but the people of Ooloom were forced to protect themselves in order to escape utter destruction.

History had repeated itself! Ooloom could no longer tolerate or share our dread inheritance. He was sorry to send us back to such an unhappy world, but it must be done in the cause of self-preservation—and done quickly. Were we all ready to go?

When I answered that we were ready and waiting to leave the country my willingness seemed to puzzle him. All we asked of him was leave to attend the funeral of the two men now lying dead in the cave of pictures. He answered that bearers were on their way back to the temple with the dead, and that they would be laid in readiness beside the fire-shaft with the body of Eenoon.

This was the last mental conversation I ever had with the grand old man we knew as the "Mouth of Ooloom." Never will I forget him and, I choose to think, never will he forget me. When I came to a sense of my surroundings I could feel a light pressure on my head, and saw that his hands rested upon me in benediction.

As I rose to my feet it was to make way for Tiny Milton, walking like a man in a dream to take my place on the floor. I joined the silent circle standing around the aged patriarch, and looked on while Tiny opened his heart to this wise old man. Whatever Tiny put over in the minutes that followed I could not know, but I saw it come in the nature of a big surprise to the "Mouth of Ooloom." A decision of some importance seemed to be in the balance, for the priest's expressive face depicted grave anxiety. I looked across the circle of people at Jimmy Wenderby and saw that he, too, had noticed it. But none of us was prepared for what followed. The "Mouth of Ooloom" lifted his grey head at last and his expression became stern.

And while we waited there in suspense, Aaneen came slowly into the cave to stand beside Tiny Milton. In obedience to an unspoken command, Tiny stood upright beside her and their hands met—held fast. He looked small beside her giant figure as his arms went upward to draw Aaneen's head on a level with his own. Not until he had kissed her again and again did the truth dawn upon me.

"Sam!" he gasped. "We're married! I can stay here and never leave Aaneen!"

"Stay—stay here!" I stuttered. "You mean . . . . ? You don't mean you're not coming back with us?"

"I'm staying right here, Sam," he said firmly. "Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

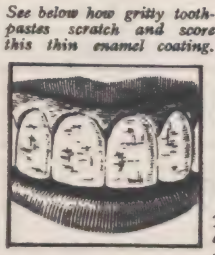
"I suppose so," I said, doubtfully. "You really mean it? You do! But what about your people at home in New York? You—you simply can't. . . ."

"Why not?" he demanded, and a shadow obliterated that big smile as he fenced with my question. "I want you and Jimmy to explain everything to them—to tell them how happy I am. Don't you understand, Sam? There is the peace here I've always longed for—the real contentment I always knew existed

(*please turn over*)

Less than 1/1000th of an inch prevents Tooth Decay?

See below how gritty tooth-pastes scratch and score this thin enamel coating.



These teeth are safe from damage. No scratching here—thanks to Odol.

Don't wear your 'Safety Coat' away

Think! Less than a hair's breadth of enamel protects your teeth from decay at the gum line. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which wear that thin protective film of enamel away!

You can easily prove if your present tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol, (Dept. P.S.21), Norwich. Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder

PERFECT HOLIDAY SHOTS

This picture was taken with a standard

PURMA 50/- HIGH-SPEED FOCAL PLANE **CAMERA**

The simple, ever-ready, high-speed Miniature Camera for Expert and Novice

Focal-plane Shutter, as used by Press men. Speeds: 1/25th. 1/150th. 1/450th.

Beck 6.3 3-coil Anastigmat Lens Sixteen perfect pictures each 1¼ inches square on a vest-pocket film.

Enlargements up to 20" x 20" of a high standard of definition. The simple press-the-button camera, with lens and shutter of high light efficiency, for all-the-year-round photography.

See it at your dealers

or write for free prospectus and name of nearest stockist to:

R. F. HUNTER, LTD.

51 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

An experiment in

PSYCHOLOGY

Psychologists tell us that the events of the first seven years of life guide the formation of character. The registered impressions of those early years influence your "likes" and "dislikes" throughout your life. If you are an expert horseman, for example, it is probably because you fell in love with your rocking-horse at the age of three.

We want to make an experiment in psychology, but we give ourselves only seven days. We offer you free, a seven-day tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. We think that in this short time you will change your ideas about shaving, for Parke-Davis will give you the easiest shave you ever had.

Once you have tried this shave aid we are confident that in future when you think of easy shaving, your mind will whisper to you: "Ah! Parke-Davis Shaving Cream!"

Send for your week's supply to Dept. 111/78, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W. 1. Chemists sell large 1/6 tubes.

YEARS OF STOMACH AGONY ENDED

Are you a victim of what you believe to be inevitable stomach trouble? Mr. S. T. W., of Worthing, has a strong sympathy for those who, like him, have struggled with the misery of long-drawn-out stomach suffering. So delighted is he now, at having found complete relief, that he writes the following letter, "hoping that it may cause some poor sufferers to know that, however long they suffered, and whatever age they are, there is still hope for them in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

He goes on to say, "For years I suffered untold agonies, and used to wonder if life was worth living, as I was afraid to eat. I was treated for Gastritis, Ulcers, Colic and Indigestion. Seeing an advertisement one day, I thought I would give Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I am now able to eat anything. People who know how I suffered for years are surprised when I tell them I am completely cured through taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I am 67 years of age, and consider I am a living testimonial."

Get rid of your stomach trouble in the same quick and certain way. Be sure to ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.

somewhere in the world. You can have no more precious possession in this life than a quiet mind, free from all the useless things we fight over like mad dogs. There's no such thing as time here, to mark one struggle from another. I ask no more of this world than peace—and the woman I love. And those things are right here, Sam!"

I was silent for a moment or so, nor could I find an argument against Tiny's declaration just then. Jimmy Wenderby and Sally were beside us now, and I heard his congratulations delivered in a style which sounded like a piece of bad news. It dawned upon me then that I was about to lose Tiny—to lose him for ever.

"Sam," he was saying, softly. "Won't you. . . ?"

"Of course, Tiny," I said, hoarsely, with a queer swelling in my throat which made my speech as thick as pea-soup. "Of course, old man. Congratulations. . . ."

But I had to turn away to hide my feelings.

"You must have thought it all over very carefully before you decided," Jimmy Wenderby was saying, distractedly. "It means you'll never see one of your own people again, Tiny. You'll have to stay here—always!"

"I know," he said, solemnly, "and I wouldn't have it otherwise. While you are all preparing to leave, Sam, I'll write a letter I want you to deliver to my father. I have a few sheets of paper, and enough ink in my pen. When you reach the logan-stone it will really be 'good-bye' because I know the Ooloomians intend to shut that entrance tight as a bank. . . .

After the marriage of Tiny and Aaneen came the funeral of George Thormanson, Reiner and Eenoon. For some time after the three planks had made a swift descent into the hidden fires, we lingered about the mouth of the shaft.

Meanwhile, the seven priests of Ooloom vanished completely from the scene and we found ourselves being shepherded into a large cave by a circle of giants. They were very determined about it, too, and never gave us a chance to break away. Several of them guarded the opening to the cave. I think they themselves feared what was about to happen. The two wounded prisoners were made to enter the cave with us, and there we were forced to wait while something very mysterious went on outside.

I pondered uneasily on what they intended to do and instinctively my thoughts turned to the great volcano which smoked eternally above the tops of the great glaciers. That men had the power to turn such a mighty natural force to their own purpose I could hardly credit. But I remembered in growing alarm the strange history of this country—the scene I had once witnessed through the mental powers of the aged priest of an early invasion by traders from the outside world. My morbid thoughts were dispersed at last by the confusion and noise increasing every moment inside the cave.

John Barley and Davy were anxious to get back to the *Solar Star*, and were proclaiming their opinions in voices which grew louder and more insistent as time passed. Jimmy Wenderby simply ignored them, and was content to remain talking over plans for the future with Sally Alton. But Nina asked questions I simply could not answer, and she reached the point where she intended to know what was going on or break out of the cave on her own account. . . .

The alarm came while we were all talking together—and it began among the giants who guarded the doorway. I felt the ground below our feet moving—the reverberation of a grinding shock far below the surface.

And then silence—a painful silence while we all stared at each other in dismay. Nina was hanging on to my arm, and I saw Aaneen holding on to Tiny Milton like a mother restraining an impetuous infant. Movements began to take place among the giants, and through the crowd of them came two who carried piles of furs. Each of us received a fur blanket and was shown how to fasten it like a cape about our shoulders.

The giants began slowly to move away from the entrance to the cave, and we were free to begin our last journey through Ooloom. Tiny Milton and I walked on ahead of the others, and as soon as we left the shelter of the caves the necessity for the fur capes became obvious. The weather had undergone an amazing change in the space of a few hours. A cold wind moaned over the moss-covered plains, the sky was rapidly growing dark as huge banks of clouds passed swiftly across the face of the sun. So remarkable was this sudden change that Ooloom appeared to us as another and fearsome world. The wind increased in strength, became an icy blast of shrieking fury. Our progress down the road toward the logan-stone was slow and difficult. Sally and Nina became exhausted, stiff with the increasing cold, when we finally reached the inlet.

The two wounded prisoners, only survivors of the five invaders of Ooloom, needed no assistance from us to reach the *Lydenburg*. They fairly ran, heads bowed against the freezing wind, toward their ship. In the sheltered hollow where the logan-stone swung, we paused for breath—all, except Captain John Barley and his engineer who refused to pause even for a moment on their way to the *Solar Star* which was swinging wildly at her moorings. I watched them run on to the ship, reluctant now to turn and face the next part of the dreadful business. But Tiny Milton was quite calm and composed when our eyes met.

"Tiny!" I urged. "This is your last chance to. . . ."

"Forget it, Sam," he said easily. "I made up my mind a long time ago, and now Aaneen and I are married the future is settled for us. No harm can come to us here, but the same can't be said for you who go back to the outside world. Good-bye, Sam. Good-bye, Jimmy."

The logan-stone swung round under the pressure he suddenly exerted, and it fairly pushed us out of the way. When the great block of stone came to rest I found myself staring at the blank face of the rock. Tiny Milton was gone!

"Let's go," I said, very quietly, and led the way towards the ship.

They all followed on without another word, and when we reached the wobbling gangway I could see John Barley waving us on with urgent gestures. The two girls went below immediately. Jimmy and I were left alone on deck to see the end.

The shrieking wind began to drop suddenly and, as it died away to a low moaning sound, the cold seemed to increase. Smoke began to issue from the ship's funnel in greater volume.

I looked up at the mountain range which was the barrier and boundary of Ooloom—looked up to witness a strange, an awe-inspiring sight. High up on a lonely spur of that mighty snow-cap—still, upright and ethereal, stood the seven priests of Ooloom. Like carven statues they stood—appearing more like dwarfs than giants at that great height—and how they came to climb such a lofty and difficult position I shall never know. I could only stand and stare at them, and while standing thus the second earthquake shock set the very mountains shuddering over by the logan-stone. No further examination was necessary for me to know that the great swinging-stone was now immovable.

Ooloom had closed its gate upon the outside world!

Two hours later, and I was still standing, cold and miserable, on deck, although the seven giants on the height had long since disappeared. The *Lydenburg* was gone and, with the rattle of the anchor-chain echoing over the fast freezing inlet, the *Solar Star* crept slowly from her moorings. John Barley and his crew worked feverishly to get the yacht started on her long journey before the ice formed. . . .

We never saw the *Lydenburg* again, but of the two wounded men who returned in her to Cape Town there is a story to tell. One of the first items of news I read in New York concerned the *Lydenburg*—"recently returned from a voyage in the Southern Ocean." Both these men were tried and found guilty of murder in a Cape Town bar—a particularly brutal crime which proved the potency of the Ooloomian Evil that went out with them from the cave of diamonds.

There is no point in describing our voyage to New York. Suffice it to say that we arrived there safely and that John Barley's report on George Thormanson's death was received by the authorities without question. A month after the voyage ended, Nina and I were married, on the same day that Jimmy Wenderby married Sally Alton. There was a great deal in the newspapers about a millionaire's marriage to a famous air-woman, and the union of Sam Killick and Nina Lennox passed without comment.

Am I happy? Well, yes. I'm as happy as a man may be in our modern world—a world which moves faster than ever and becomes more neurotic with the passing years. When we returned to our own world people had ceased to comment upon the change in Time. There were differences, however—such as made a ten-stone man a stone less in weight. While all weighing machines where the extension of a spring is used to indicate the weight show a difference of ten per cent. those which compare one weight with another give the proper reading. Motor-cars are faster, and climb hills with a greater ease than formerly. Aeroplanes have higher altitudes and Mount Everest has been climbed without difficulty.

Perhaps the most interesting change was that which happened to clocks. All clocks and watches controlled by a balance-wheel indicate the twenty-two hour day, whereas those with pendulums had to be altered because they registered only twenty-one hours. The whole tempo of life is changed, of course, although people hardly notice it now.

One thing remains from our amazing adventure, and it is something very precious to me. It comes upon me when I'm asleep—sometimes when I happen to be alone. . . .

I can still see dear old Tiny Milton, with his fat face one big smile, and I know, too, that he is very happy. . . .

THE END

OLD BILL AND BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THESE RUIN YOUR *Charm*

Summer time is hard on the skin. Sunshine, dust and heat combine to produce blemishes just when you wish to look your loveliest. Spots, blackheads and rough, red skin will spoil the effect of your beautiful new party frocks. Keep your face free from flaws by applying a few drops of D.D.D. Brand Prescription on a pad of cotton wool. D.D.D. Prescription dissolves away the underskin dirt and poisons which cause these blemishes. It soothes and heals rough, inflamed skin, and tones the skin to youthful freshness.

Get a bottle to-day. Of all chemists, price 1/3.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION SOOTHES AWAY FLAWS, GIVES YOU A LOVELY SKIN

Recommended by

VIRGINIA HALL

D.D.D.
BRAND
PRESCRIPTION
BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES

FREE
TRIAL BOTTLE

Write to-day for a generous Free Trial Bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. P.S. 10, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.
D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

FREE!

This IMPORTANT GUIDE to SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERING CAREERS

After months of intensive effort and research, we are pleased to announce that the 1939 edition of our Handbook, **" ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES,"** is now out of the publishers' hands and ready for *free distribution.*

Containing 268 pages of practical guidance, this book is, beyond argument, the finest and most complete handbook on Successful Engineering Careers ever compiled. It is a book that should be on the book-shelf of every person interested in Engineering, whatever his age, position or experience.

The Handbook contains, among other intensely interesting matter, details of **B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., CIVIL SERVICE** and other important Engineering Examinations; outlines courses in all branches of **CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, AUTOMOBILE, RADIO, TELEVISION and AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING, BUILDING, GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT, etc.,** and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Department.

POST THIS COUPON NOW

WE DEFINITELY GUARANTEE
"NO PASS—NO FEE"

If you are earning less than £10 per week you cannot afford to miss reading **" ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."** In your own interests we advise you to **write** (or forward the coupon) for your copy of this enlightening guide to well-paid posts—**NOW.** There is no cost or obligation of any kind.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
104a, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17, 18 & 19, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

TEAR OFF HERE

FREE COUPON

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
104a, Shakespeare House, 17-19 Stratford Place, W.1

Please forward **Free of Cost or Obligation** of any kind, your 268-page Handbook, " ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

MEDICAL authorities tell us we *all* perspire. It is essential to health. But this perspiration must on no account be neglected, otherwise it soon clogs the pores of the skin. It becomes stale and we get Body-Odour. Our safeguard is Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. It is specially made with an antiseptic health element to protect us. Its rich lather goes deep into the pores, getting rid of all the impurities, all staleness. Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly and be *sure* of Personal Freshness.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP
Prevents 'B.O.' (Body-Odour)

LBT 339-626

NEW SENSATIONS FOR 1938

Finest Illuminations—best entertainments—healthiest breezes. Blackpool in Autumn for every holiday joy. Brilliant new features. Novel effects. Complete summer entertainments.

FREE Write for Autumn Programme to W. Foster (Dept. 22) Town Hall, Blackpool

BLACKPOOL ILLUMINATIONS
SEPT. 16 to OCT. 24 1938

FRESH PAINT

BY LEO ROBBINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WEARE

TIM SIMMONS set down the can of paint and wet brush on a newspaper on the floor behind the counter and listened to the radio horn on a shelf over the sign "To-day's Specials." Tim was thinking that he would have to scour his hands thoroughly, to get out the odour of turpentine, before washing the coffee urns for the next day, but he was fascinated by the broadcast of the man-hunt. He listened, leaning on the counter, and looked out on the highway, keeping his eye, with absent-minded pride, on the new electric sign in front of his lunch wagon.

Traffic on the highway was at the lowest ebb. Mostly hulking, shadowy, freight trucks were rolling by and Tim did not care for that kind of trade. He was thinking that he might switch off the sign and save on electricity, but he liked the amber glow of the flashing electric bulbs. Two police motor-cycles, with shrieking sirens, swept past, giving weird reality to the exciting radio description of the State-wide hunt for the killers. Tim twirled a dial and got it louder.

"The bandits are armed and desperate," rasped the old-fashioned loud-speaker on the overhead shelf. "They're ruthless killers when cornered. There's ten thousand dollars' reward for their capture, but it's no job for Mr. Average Citizen. The entire countryside is warned by the police to be on guard. If you should see their car, 'phone to the police, but be careful. The two lives that have been lost in the bank robbery. . . ."

Tim reluctantly switched off the radio and walked outside, through the side door. He dallied on the gravelled parking lot in front of his lunch-wagon, inspecting the fresh paint on the steps to the front entrance, admiring it in the glow of the electric sign over it flashing to the surrounding night his brief, one-word message: "EAT."

He began to set up a barricade of empty egg crates around the stairs, to protect the fresh paint job against possible prowlers in the night, or animal footprints. A large car came tearing down the road, made a sudden turn, careened dangerously and came to a stop in front of Tim's lunch-wagon, the rear wheels digging into the gravel and leaving tortuous ruts that scratched like scars on Tim's heart.

Two men hopped out of the car and dashed for the lunch wagon.

"Just one minute, gents," Tim cried out. "I just painted the front steps. Come in through the other door. I was gonna close. It's late."

But the men didn't heed him. They stepped on the wet paint and scrambled inside the lunch-wagon. One of them kicked viciously at a crate that blocked the way, and barked a menacing command to Tim to come inside.

Tim walked in through the end door, unhurried. He saw footprints of wet paint on the new linoleum and grumbled.

"Look what you gents done to my floor," he complained. "I just laid new linoleum and it cost me plenty."

"C'mon, you!" growled the stockier one of the two. "Stop crying and rustle up some food for us. Hurry up, we ain't got no time. And no monkey business, see."

Tim poured out two cups of coffee and made sandwiches for them. In a way, he enjoyed serving them. They gobbled up the food ravenously. Tim leaned on the counter, as though waiting for further orders, and looked down on the newspaper on the floor on which he had placed the can of paint. The faces of his two customers stared up at him from under a large headline on the front page. The men watched him closely.

"You gents mind if I sort of finish the steps?" he said. "I want to close soon and go home."

He reached down under the counter with one hand. Both men jumped up, and one of them grabbed his hand. "Hey! What're you takin' there behind the counter?" Tim brought up his hand with the paint brush, and smiled. The two men exchanged a twisted grin and relaxed. They leaned over the top of the counter, saw cans and stacks of dishes, and didn't watch Tim when he bent down to pick up the can of paint

"Hey, keep the door open," growled the stocky one. "And don't be a wise guy, see. I wanna watch you work. Stay in the light where I can keep my eye on you."

Tim obeyed. He felt the bandits' eyes on him and made no attempt to get out of their sight. He dipped the brush into the can and gave the steps a thick coating. He painted from inside, leaning out over the doorstep.

The two motor-cycles, with sirens screeching, came down the road on the return patrol. Tim straightened up brush in hand and turned around, facing his customers. He saw them whirl about on their stools tensely, in a leering, frozen poise, listening. He waited until the shriek of the police sirens diminished in the distance before he spoke.

"These here roads sure is full of police to-night," he declared. Then he came closer, scrutinising his customers shrewdly, as if struck by a thought.

"Say, you fellows ain't the two bandits, be you?"

"Shut up, Rube!" snarled one of them. "Shut your trap. Get in behind there and stay dumb, or I'll plug you."

Both had automatics in their hands and prodded him to a corner. They rifled his cash register and hastily stuffed food into their pockets.

The police sirens died away completely. The bandits looked out on the road cautiously, saw no traffic, and made ready to depart.

"Just a minute, gents," pleaded Tim. "Go out through the end door, will you, please? I just painted the steps."

"Just stay where you are and keep your health," warned one of the bandits. "Keep your trap shut, or I'll plug you."

He slid open the rolling door and dashed out the front way, his companion following him. Their feet slipped, their hands with the guns flew upward, and they tumbled over. A shot rang out as one of the guns fell to the ground and exploded.

In a moment Tim was on top of the sprawled killers, splashing the wet brush on their faces and pouring the contents of the can on their heads. One lay completely stunned. The other one stumbled to his feet and dazedly fired his gun. The bullet went wild and smashed a bulb in Tim's electric sign. This made Tim still angrier. He crashed a crate over the killer's head, and they locked in combat, struggling for the gun.

A bedlam of shrieking sirens and piercing headlights converged on Tim's lunch-wagon. The stunned killer was beginning to stir when the first motor-cycle policeman to reach the scene swooped down on him and stretched him out again.

In no time the two killers were huddled together in the glaring circle of headlights, mussed-up and shackled. They stood in a lurching position and oozing with a thick, slippery substance, which caused the officers of the law to wipe their hands on whatever they could find and groan with annoyance.

Tim was in no better shape.

"I don't care so much about the ten thousand dollars' reward," he kept on repeating. "But no one can come in my place and track up my new linoleum with fresh paint. They can't get away with it. Not when I just painted the steps, and paid out good money for new linoleum."

"Holy mackerel, Tim!" complained one of the State troopers, wiping his paws on his leather puttees, "What in tarnation did you feed these birds that makes them so greasy?"

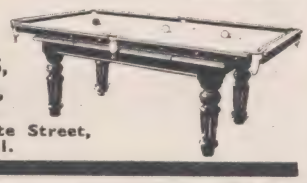
"Oh, that?" Tim grinned. "They only saw the paintbrush in my hand, but instead of the paint I picked up a can of frying lard from under the counter and gave it a good, heavy coat on the stairs. I knew they'd be just mean enough to use the front door again. Especially if I asked them not to. . . ."

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

For 8/- Down

you can get a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 Days' Free Trial. Pay balance monthly. Healthy and never-failing fun for all the family. Write for Art List, which also describes the famous Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Great Britain.

32 Free Billiard Tables, Write for details.



E. J. RILEY, LTD., GLEN WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 13, 147 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter.

Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant, refreshing vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V184 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of Imitations

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

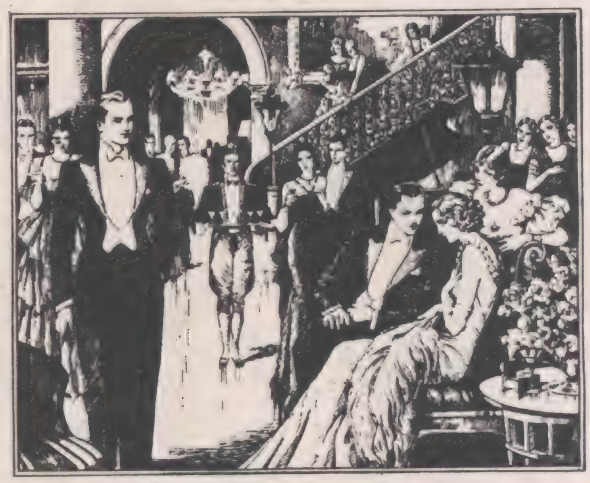
WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without a doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. Fancy every day scrubbing one's face with very hot water and soap full of soda. One has only one's face for a lifetime and it should be treated kindly. Oils in SHAVEX will keep the face young and without wrinkles, and after shaving you will always feel as fresh as a daisy.

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up when tney are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.



SHAVEX

is sold in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from :

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD. (Dept. R.25), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

Eleanor: *Whoever is that handsome young man who has just come into the room? I've never seen him before. He has all the room looking at him. How bronzed and healthy he looks!*

Her Friend: *Oh, that's Jack Mordaunt He is just home from the East. He's been excavating, and you call him a young man; why he is older than I am, and I am 48. While he was in the East he put on a dinner jacket every night. He let the Arabs know that he was civilised, and he swears by Shavex Cream. He declares it is that which keeps his face young and keeps his skin in such splendid condition. Many a time he has shaved without water. You often have to do these things in the East, as water is so scarce.*

Eleanor: *How interesting! I want to be the first girl to be introduced.*

SOUTH WESTERN

Delivery FREE in England & Wales by Rail or Lorry

GARDEN SHEDS

Heavy framing, stout wthbrds. Roofing Bituminous felt. Glazed windows. TITAN Steel Bracings.

FROM **25/-** CASH OR **2/-** DOWN

OTHER MODELS FROM

L	W	Height E	R	CASH Carr. Pd.	Dep.	12 Pts.	12 Pts. Inc. Fl.
4	3	5	6	£1. 5.0	2/-	2/3	2/10
7	5	5	6½	2.15.0	5/-	4/10	6/1
10	6	5	6½	3.15.0	6/6	6/8	9/2
12	8	5	7½	5.10.0	8/-	9/10	13/8

GARAGES

Wthbrds on strong framing, d'ble strength corners. Roofing felt and battens. Windows fixed and glazed

FROM **77/6** CASH OR **5/-** DOWN

OTHER MODELS FROM

L	W	Height E	R	CASH Carr. Pd.	Dep.	12 Pts.	12 Pts. Inc. Fl.
8	6	6	7½	£3.17.6	5/-	7/-	8/9
12	8	6	8	6.17.6	8/-	12/6	16/3
16	8	6	8	9.7.6	12/6	16/11	21/11

FROM **52/-** CASH OR **4/-** DOWN

GREENHOUSES

OTHER MODELS FROM

L ft.	L ins.	W ft.	W ins.	Height E ft.	E ins.	R ft.	R ins.	CASH	Dep.	12 Pts.
6	7	4	9	4	2	6	6	52/-	4/-	4/8
7	7	4	9	4	2	6	6	58/-	4/-	5/3
11	8	6	9	5	2	8	6	131/6	7/-	12/1
14	9	8	10	5	2	9	7	163/-	9/-	15/-

ASBESTOS GARAGES

OTHER MODELS FROM

L	W	Height E	R	CASH Carr. Pd.	Dep.	12 Pts.	12 Pts. Inc. Fl.
8	6	6	7½	£4.17.6	6/6	8/10	10/6
10	7	6	8	6.12.6	8/-	12/-	14/10
12	7	6	8	7. 2.6	9/-	12/11	16/5
14	8	6	8	9. 2.6	12/6	16/5	20/9

FROM **97/6** CASH OR **6/6** DOWN

Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE and Post Free

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.,
Dept. 47, Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Tel. Fulham 1121

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour.

The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

Age Limits 15-26; Either Sex.
Excellent Commencing Pay.
No Experience Required.

FREE GUIDE AND GAZETTE

The 1938 Edition of our Civil Service Handbook is now ready for free distribution. Those desiring details of present and future **Vacancies, Age Limits, Salaries, Promotion and Entrance Examinations** to all Branches of the Service (*Taxes, Customs, Post Office, Clerical, Engineering, L.C.C., Municipal, etc.*) are advised to apply for this enlightening Handbook immediately, together with a copy of the current edition of the **Civil Service Vacancy Gazette**—*both copies Free.*

B.T.I. (Dept. 117), 356-366 Oxford Street, W.1.

ECZEMA

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol healed it in a week."

ABSCESSES

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

POISONED CUTS

Bathe with hot water and then generously apply Zee-Kol and cover with clean linen. This will remove all septic conditions. In two to four days the place is healed.

ZEE-KOL

(BRAND)

HEALS SKIN DISEASES IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS

Many may promise a wonderful remedy but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Troubles, Severe Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores,

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

or direct from : SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD. (Dept. Z.K.22), 40 Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

BURNS

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol healed them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, etc.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

Where should a Father draw the line?

To ensure harmony in the home there must be a lot of give and take. Which means, apparently, that Father must do all the giving while the others do all the taking. That's all very well—until it comes to taking all a man's Gold Flake. They mean so much to a man, you see. The distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos has made them his good companions for years. Now that women have learned to appreciate that flavour, too, Father has decided to draw the line in the family circle and insist that the girls buy their Gold Flake themselves.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

BEFORE YOUR NEXT HOLIDAY ABROAD

teach yourself the language at your leisure AT HOME with a

MARLBOROUGH'S SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOK

Each book contains selected vocabularies and phrases together with the *English Phonetic Pronunciation*. You can thus become familiar with the SOUND as well as the SIGHT of the printed word.

MARLBOROUGH SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOKS IN 37 LANGUAGES tell you WHAT to say and HOW to say it

FROM 2/- EACH

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

{SPECIMEN AND CATALOGUE **FREE**}

To E. Marlborough & Co., Ltd., 51, 53 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4. Please send catalogue and Free Specimen.

LANGUAGE DESIRED .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post Coupon at once!

LONDON SHALL NOT BURN AGAIN

Continued from page 15

set out very clearly what the men had to do and what they had *not* got to do.

Instruction VI, which I reproduce as printed 147 years ago, said :

The men fent out are to work together in an Orderly Manner, to call occafionally at the Watch Houfes which lie in their Way for Intelligence. They are not to go into any Ale houfe nor into any Private houfe unlefs in Cafe of Accident.

As one pair completed their tour and returned to the station, another pair set out. If an outbreak were discovered it was their business to run like blazes back to the station, shouting the news and ringing a bell, which was the signal for the men at the station to get busy.

For more than thirty years each company's brigade owed allegiance to no other fires than those visiting the property insured with their masters. An efficient fire brigade was a great advertising asset. But several companies decided to pool their brigades in 1825.

Results were gratifying, for seven years later it was agreed, at the instigation of Mr. R. Bell Ford, the Sun Insurance Company, to bring all the brigades together as a single concern, making fires everybody's business. Thus, there came into existence the London Fire Establishment, which maintained nineteen stations and employed eighty firemen, with Mr. James Braidwood as chief officer.

For several years the annual expenditure on maintaining the establishment was kept within the region of £8,000, but as newer types of engines were developed and the number of stations increased, with corresponding additions to staff, the cost of upkeep soon passed the £40,000 mark.

It was round about this figure when Braidwood was killed by a falling wall at the great Tooley Street fire, which broke out on Cotton's Wharf on a June day in 1861. Other wharves and depots containing oil and other combustible substances became involved and it was a month before the flames were finally mastered. Only the broad Thames saved the city from becoming involved in another mighty conflagration. As it was, property valued at £2,000,000 was destroyed and several people, besides Mr. Braidwood, lost their lives.

Two important developments may be directly attributed to the Tooley Street horror. Parliament was forced to realise that protection from fire was a public responsibility and should not be left to private enterprise, and the steam engine finally established its claim to be the rightful successor to the manual engine.

Incredible as it may seem to-day, supporters of the steam fire engine had to fight for thirty years before it was generally accepted as a normal part of the fire station equipment. John Braithwaite, a London engineer, co-operating with John Ericsson, invented the steam engine in 1829.

It must have been a heart-breaking business for the enthusiastic engineer, knowing and proving that he had got a first-rate appliance, yet getting the cold shoulder wherever he appeared with his engine. Doubtless they accepted him as jolly company so long as he left his fire engine at home.

Liverpool City Fathers eventually took the broad view and while London was still frowning on the interloper they ordered four Braithwaite engines. Then, what Lancashire did that day, London did the day after. (I wonder does that explain the origin of that familiar phrase?) Gradually London fire brigades showed increasing interest in the steam engine. Even newspapers took it up, since it provided fine controversial copy.

Braithwaites and Manualites took opposite camps. The former declared heatedly that their steam engine would do everything the manual could do and then some. The Manualites sneered as they emphasised that the other engine took fourteen minutes to get up steam.

Steam engines continued to gain ground in the battle for favour, particularly with engineers, and the result was a steady and continuous improvement on the original. Shand Mason & Co. and Merryweather's, pioneers in fire engine building, set to work in earnest rivalry to produce the finest steam engines skill and ingenuity could devise. The former produced a giant weighing 42 cwt., which carried everything before it in the international competition at Crystal Palace in 1860.

Three years later Merryweather's "Victoria," a dapper little affair, all red and gleaming brass, smashed every rival at Crystal Palace. It is the type that was familiar to townsfolk up to fifteen years ago. They made grand and thrilling spectacles with galloping horses in the shafts, brass-helmeted firemen clinging to the side rails, smoke pouring out of a funnel so bright you could see to do your hair in it and, at the back that conglomeration of glittering brass tubes, fine copper pipes and forest of little wheels and levers.

They were magnificent and awe-inspiring as they tore through the streets, while panting horses, foaming sweat, pulled up with such a jerk that they seemed to sit on their haunches, game to the death. The late King Edward VII loved these stirring and sparkling turnouts. When they were still very much of a novelty (he was Prince of Wales at the time), he asked Captain Shaw to stage one.

The prince was attending an opera at Covent Garden at the time and he wanted to see how long it took for the engine to reach the Garden. Unfortunately, a barouche tried to pass in front of the engine. In the mix-up one of the horses was killed and a pole pierced a door of the barouche, narrowly missing the occupants. In spite of the mishap the engine reached Covent Garden, but not in record time.

The Captain Shaw who figured in this incident was the Eyre Massey Shaw who was knighted for his fine work as chief of the London Fire Brigade. He succeeded Braidwood as chief of the London Fire Establishment and was in command when the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Act became operative in 1865. This act delegated the duty of extinguishing fires and protecting life and property in the L.C.C. area to the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was the Local Government Act of 1888 which brought the Brigade directly under the control of the L.C.C.

They still speak of Sir Eyre Massey Shaw as the greatest fire chief of all time. London called him from Belfast, where he was Chief Constable, to take over the fire work. It was not long before he had entirely reorganised the brigade. For instance, he overcame the difficulty of keeping engine boilers warm without sooting up the whole outfit, simply by putting a movable gas burner in the fire box. This was replaced with dry shavings, bone-dry wood and steam coal the instant an alarm was sounded. A roaring fire was soon blazing in the fire box and, within four minutes, the steam pumps were able to work at full pressure.

In the small country towns and the larger villages the fire brigade was still anybody's business and the steam engine a fabulous luxury, to be read about but never seen.

That was fifty years ago. And it is the same to-day in many of these places. Scattered about England are thousands of communal centres, whose populations, ranging from 1,000 to as many as 10,000, ruled by urban district councils, are carrying on with manual engines, borrowed horses and scrap brigades.

I remember a captain of a brigade serving a township of 8,000 souls who was invariably last at the fire. He lived some distance from the shack called the fire station and was compelled to chase around on his bicycle, picking up information as he rode as to the whereabouts of the fire. And as a rule he had to fight his way through an obstinate crowd before he could get a front place.

In another place, where 6,000 people lived, the finest fire horse in the town belonged to a greengrocer. That horse, proudly called Black Prince, was a magnificent animal, but both the worry and glory of the greengrocer's life.

Black Prince knew the fire alarm better than anybody or anything else in town. More, Black Prince had an uncanny sense of smell and knew to a yard where the fire was.

That was all right, but as often as not Black Prince forgot he was expected to go first to the fire station for the engine. Dispensing with that formality, he would dash off to the fire just as he was, all dressed up with a greengrocer's cart. A backward peal of the church bells was the fire alarm and once that sound reached Black Prince there was no holding him back. All his owner could hope for was that the route to the fire lay past the fire station.

These are examples of medieval fire fighting I have seen in recent years and, up to five years ago at least, these same conditions existed. I have not heard that they have been changed in the meantime. Quite close to London there is a substantial town where the fire brigade is incapable of turning out because they have no horses.

It is not surprising, since cheap and easy transport has enabled rural and urban populations to see what has been done in fire protection in the big towns, that a movement is gaining ground for making this protection a national charge, or at all events a national responsibility. Several members of Parliament are interesting themselves in legislation to make adequate protection compulsory on local authorities.

All escapes are still separate parts of the station equipment, but the ultra-modern development is an appliance officially termed the dual-purpose pump. It is an engine with an escape attached. And in this connection it is particularly interesting to recall that the first motor pump—they don't call them fire engines officially, nowadays—boasted a telescopic fire ladder.

This was the engine—pardon, pump—built for the Finchley (London) Fire Brigade in 1904. It had a chain drive to the rear wheels, was capable of a speed of twenty miles an hour (on the level) and had a pump delivery of 250 gallons a minute.

It is sufficient commentary on the swift developments since 1904 that this machine passed, in 1930, to the Science Museum, Kensington, as a relic. The science of mechanics has breathed its magic spell over all the fire station equipment of to-day. The engine—pardon again, pump—alone remains as ever it was, except in appearance. From the beginning, the business of the pump has been to pump water and the scientific principle by which the operation was achieved by Newsham in 1730, holds good in 1938, except that machinery does the pumping instead of sweating men.

The most elaborate and expensive development has been the turntable ladder, thanks largely to German initiative in the Great War. Germany developed this apparatus as portable observation posts. If you have a chance of examining the complicated mechanism at the base and the ingenious interlacing of metal ladders, which swing up to a height of 100 ft., you will not be surprised to learn they cost as much as £3,000.

Primarily they are used, not as escapes, but to enable firemen to get above the fire and pour water into the burning building. The advantage of a Niagara deluge over the up-and-down fountain-like spray is obvious. But they would not be much use without the £1,000 turbine pump to drive the water up that great length of hose.

Another modern addition to the equipment is the emergency tender, with floodlights. The old insurance company fireman had to make do with a torch to light the way of his manual and to see to carry on at the fire. This tender also carries its own generators and oxy-acetylene cutting plant, driving apparatus and gear for lifting great weights. There is also a breakdown lorry, equipped with crane, hydraulic jacks, horse sling, etc., and there is the canteen van, which is sent after the men when they have been employed for long periods in trying circumstances.

It would be hopeless to attempt to describe within the space of a single article the bare office arrangements at the L.C.C. headquarters for internal control of all the brigades quartered in different parts of London. Suffice it to say that with the aid of large maps, pins with different shaped heads (but all a brilliant red,) coloured discs, index cards and other office paraphernalia, all manipulated with the smoothness of running water, a close-up control is maintained twenty-four hours of every day.

Statistics are boring, but surely no apology is needed for recalling that whereas the London Fire Establishment started in 1832 with 19 stations, equipped with manual engines alone and manned by 80 firemen, the L.C.C. Fire Brigade in 1938 employs a staff of 2,100 at its 60 land stations and on its three river fire floats; that its equipment comprises 80 motor pumps, 43 dual-purpose appliances, 31 escape vans, 13 turntable ladders, 3 breathing apparatus vans, a foam tender, 2 emergency tenders, canteen van, 8 lorries, 4 motor fire floats, 4 store barges, 3 motor float tenders, 94 escapes, 360 hook ladders, 2 hose carts, 52 miles of hose, 32,000 hydrants, 66 self-contained breathing apparatuses, 1,700 fire alarms, 320 direct telephone lines to public buildings, 92 telephone lines between fire stations, 62 exchange telephone lines, and that the whole is under the control of the chief officer quartered in the new buildings on the Embankment which, together with the site, cost £390,000.

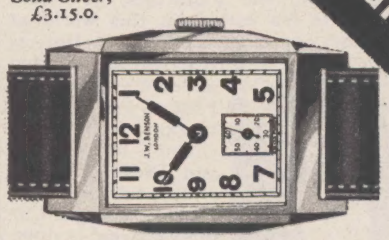
These figures will have still greater significance for you if you go to one of the weekly drills and see in action *still* the original little manual engine made by Richard Newsham in 1725. The might of London's vast and scientific machine for fighting fire has really grown out of that quaint and venerable contraption.

"Tell him to come down—I think we've done all we can"

BENSON'S OFFER YOU—

ACCURACY that LASTS for YEARS

Solid Silver, £3.15.0.



Solid Silver, £3.15.0.

FOR **3/-** WITH ORDER

SOLID SILVER WATCHES FOR MEN

Choose your Benson watch now and, for 3/- with order, you can possess one of these **SOLID SILVER** models, with fully-jewelled lever movements covered by Benson's full written guarantee. Benson watches are renowned for their wonderful accuracy and are rigorously tested to ensure you many years of accurate timekeeping. These watches are remarkable value at £3.15.0 each and you can pay the balance of this low cash price in 14 monthly sums of 5/- and a final sum of 2/-. No extras. Post the coupon **NOW** for **FREE** catalogue and special order form.

OTHER BENSON OFFERS. *You may purchase any of Benson's pocket or wrist watches, chains, clocks, rings, jewellery, silver, plate, cutlery, etc., on easy monthly terms at cash prices.*

Post coupon **NOW** *for* **FREE** *catalogues*

BENSON'S

The original firm founded A.D. 1749

To **J. W. Benson, Ltd.,**
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send, post free, illustrated catalogue(s) indicated below and details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments.

☐ **A** Pocket Watches, Chains, etc. ☐ **B** Wrist Watches
☐ **C** Rings & Jewellery ☐ **E** Plate, Cutlery, etc.
☐ **F** Clocks

☛ *Please put an* **X** *against catalogue(s) required.*

Name .....

Address .....

.....PS.10.9.38

KEEP A TABLET OF ZIXT HANDY

and your hands are safe! Safe from the dirt and grease of housework, safe from tell-tale roughness and ingrained grime. Zixt penetrates *into* the skin, removing every speck of dirt and leaving your hands white and smooth. Use the Zixt tablet after every dirty job; Zixt cleans your hands in a few seconds.

John Knight Limited, London. E.16 KP 86-13

CAREERS FOR BOYS

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOYS TO LEARN A TRADE FREE OF COST

The Regular Army requires boys for training in such trades as Artificers, Armourers, Blacksmiths, Bricklayers, Carpenters, Clerks, Electricians, Fitters, Instrument Mechanics, Masons, Operator Signals, Painters, Tinsmiths, Turners.

Candidates, who must be between the ages of 14 and 15 years 5 months on 1st January, 1939, will be required to pass an educational examination to be held on 1st November, 1938.

Application to sit at the Examination must be lodged with an Army Recruiting Officer not later than 18th October, 1938.

Further particulars may be had from any Army Recruiting Office or direct from The War Office (A.G. 10), London, S.W.1.

Become a Draughtsman and earn *big* money

Numerous vacancies are now available in **Electrical, Mechanical, Structural** and other branches of **Engineering, Building, Civil Service and G.P.O., Etc.,** for men age 17-40. Practical experience is unnecessary for those who are willing to learn—our Guaranteed "Home Study" courses will get you in.

The FREE Autumn 1938 Guide contains 110 pages of information of the greatest importance to those seeking entry or advancement in Engineering. It gives full details of salaries, openings and prospects in Draughtsmanship ● opportunities in all other Branches of Enginering, Civil Service and Municipal work ● together with particulars of our remarkable Guarantee of

SUCCESS—OR NO FEE

Write now for your copy of this remarkable publication It may well prove to be the turning point in your career

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING
(DEPT. 396)
STAPLE INN BUILDINGS, LONDON, W.C.1
(South Africa Branch: E.O.S.A., P.O. Box 8417, Johannesburg).

AD-LAND ALPHABET

If you would like a Painting Book of the "Ad-land Alphabet" FREE, just send your name and address to "Alphabet," "The Passing Show," 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

P that's for Perspicacity,
Or shrewdness when you buy.
You're most sure of veracity
If advertised goods you try.

Guarantee

Every article advertised in "THE PASSING SHOW" is covered by a "Cash Refund" guarantee. Every care is taken that only the advertisements of reputable traders shall appear, but should you, in spite of this, find reasonable cause for complaint in any manufactured goods purchased through our columns, please let us know. Any complaint must reach us within one month of the advertisement appearing in "THE PASSING SHOW" and, in the case of dispute, the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

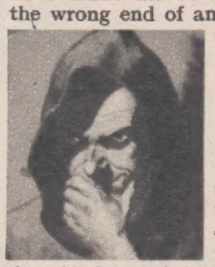
ALL-ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE for a STRAIGHT LINE

PHILIP EMANUEL, Advertisement Director
ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NEXT WEEK

LITTLE JOHN SARTO thought that he could pick up the reins just where he had put them down, ten years before, when a hard-hearted government had put an end to his gang leadership by clapping him in gaol for income tax frauds. But the underworld moves even more quickly than the rest of the world and when Little John woke up in his beloved Chicago, his dreams of power were over.

Had he not found sanctuary in a monastery of the Floratines, he would have made his exit from this world at the wrong end of an automatic. But, as



it was, it is betraying no secrets to say that Little John Sarto became Brother Orchid—for a time, and "Brother Orchid" is the title Richard Connell has given to this remarkable story of a gangster who found himself with all the old fire and initiative, but no gang through which to give it expression.

Richard Connell is an author who packs as much punch into his stories as Joe Louis packs into his left mitt, and "Brother Orchid" gets going right from the first bell. And, to pursue a simple simile to its bitter end, the story is a "knock-out."

In the opening instalment of his memoirs, Francis Foster, the author of our Longshanks stories, told of the Indian mystic who played so momentous a part in helping him to shape his life to a pre-ordained pattern. Next week, Father Francis introduces you to other characters he met in the East, and in so doing points to the often forgotten fact that it is not necessary to be famous to be interesting.

Although the opening instalment of Douglas Newton's new serial in this issue will, we hope, still the voices of the army of Savaran worshippers who have been clamouring for a return of their hero, we are leaving nothing to chance. Which is why we now hasten to remind you that another long instalment will appear next week.

Also the list of next week's authors includes the illustrious name of Will Scott. None has a happier nack of writing a yarn that has an unexpected twist and once again he runs true to form. We do not propose to whet your appetite with even the lightest snack of a synopsis of "Puzzle—Find the Tramp," because you will be able to enjoy the entire feast next week.

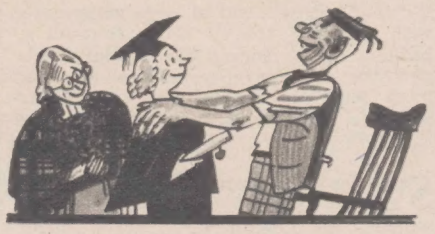
YOU'RE TELLING US!

WE are often amazed at the breadth of knowledge many noted savants do not possess. A lifetime devoted to the study of the love-life of the brontosaurus or the evolution of Assyrian *vers libre* seems to render them incapable of acquiring even the most superficial knowledge of the modern world and its ways. We are not suggesting that bats in the belfry and Greek in the attic are inseparable, but all too often the torch of learning seems to be an electric one, throwing a powerful beam on one minute area and leaving everything else in utter darkness.

That it is of more practical use to know a little about everything than everything about a little is certainly the view of "Student" of Falkirk who expresses her views in no uncertain manner.

"I am a student at a Scottish University," she explains. "And about two years ago I could honestly say that I was, in the truest sense of the word, a student. I read widely on all subjects, and then the trouble began, for I spent my last year at school studying for a University Entrance Bursary.

"I had to concentrate on three subjects and I was not allowed to range freely over even this narrow field, having to study only what would be of use to me in the examination.



"I succeeded in obtaining one of these highly-coveted bursaries, but to do so I had to give up all my spare time. My hobbies, art and music, had to be dropped altogether, and as English was not one of my subjects I had almost to cut out reading. I found that I was having to study far-fetched problems in Latin syntax at the expense of general knowledge.

"Since then," she laments, "matters have gradually become worse, and I now realise that two courses are open to me. The first, which I have been pursuing, is to work diligently at what is prescribed. The result, from the point of view of examinations, is very gratifying, yet despite my knowledge, so painstakingly acquired, of Middle High German and Latin metres, I feel more ignorant than my friends, who, not attending a university, may roam at will through the wide realms of knowledge.

"The second course is to scrap the work prescribed and study as my conscience dictates, but this may result in failures in examinations and will certainly debar me from winning prizes and distinction. This would be all very well for well-to-do students, but those who, like me, are of poor circumstances, must consider their parents. Mine have a great struggle to allow me a university education, but they consider themselves amply repaid if I bring home a medal, and were I to fail in my examinations, it would be a heavy blow to them.

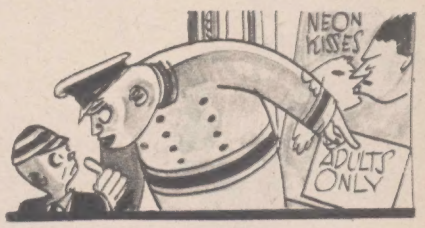
"The public should realise how narrow-minded and academical are the universities. May the cry soon arise for a wider university education!"

We are all for the cry rising, but it is doubtful whether it will be any more effective than a voice crying in the wilderness. About the only time the boys of the Old Books Brigade shake off the cobwebs and get all het up is when some contemporary starts picking holes in one of their pet theories.

Scarcely a day goes by without these rheumy old eyes of ours being inflicted by the sight of some article sternly asking: "The Boy—What Will He Become?" Well, according to Mr. F. L. Page of Woodford Green, the Boy, unless carefully supervised, will become nothing more than a couple of lines in the obituary columns, for it seems that he is anxious to do nothing so much as break his youthful neck at the earliest opportunity.

"We are accustomed," says Mr. Page, "to children being refused admission to a cinema where an 'A' film is being shown, unless accompanied by an adult, and quite right too. Though" he adds, pulling out the tremolo stop a couple of inches, "it's a bit of a nuisance not being able to get rid of the kids when their elders want to go off on their own.

"Yes," he goes on, "children, many of them tiny tots, are allowed to travel alone on the trains, buses and so on, where there is every possible chance of their coming to some harm. The other evening, while standing on the platform at Liverpool Street watching my train come in, I saw three small boys—the eldest could not have been more than eight—standing in a carriage, the door of which was wide open. Before the train had stopped, one of them jumped out and fell on to the platform, although luckily he was not hurt. But there is a moral.

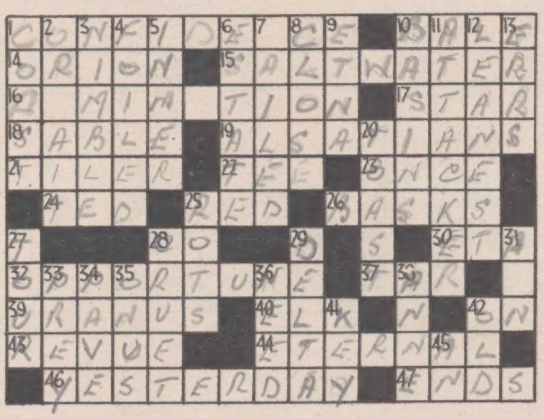


"Surely the powers-that-be, who are so concerned for the welfare of children who go to films, could make it a law that no child under the age of ten should be allowed to travel unless accompanied by an adult. What say you?"

As this seemed to be essentially a question that might be referred to Great Aunt Agatha whose wicker basket, parrot cage and three travelling rugs make every experienced porter shy like a startled fawn, we plucked up courage to consult her. Laying her tatting on the mahogany whatnot, she straightened her cameo brooch, looked us squarely in the eye and declared: "Children should most certainly travel with adults. And equally certainly those children and adults should not travel with *me*!"

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

For Your Amusement

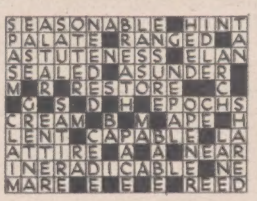


CLUES ACROSS

1. Firm belief.
10. A package.
14. A constellation.
15. Common substance in solution here.
16. Reproof.
17. Heavenly body.
18. Plural of 10 across will provide this.
19. Anita lass (anagram).
21. May put the roof on.
22. Just a wee hillock.
23. This is not often.
24. Perhaps a little familiarity with Edward.
25. Significant colour.
26. Sun-bathes.
28. A bit of company.
30. Tea for a little Greek.
32. Timely.
37. Viscous stuff.
39. A planet.
40. Animal.
42. Half 23.
43. Topical burlesque.
44. World without end.
46. Day beyond recall.
47. This here appropriately does what it should do.

CLUES DOWN

1. Popular for holidays.
2. Decree.
3. Brisk.
4. Tricked or deluded.
5. A circle in London.
6. Property.
7. Colours to the mast perhaps.
8. Conclude.
9. Fiery mountain.
10. Dishes.
11. One who commits assault.
12. Least gross.
13. Strays.
20. Here's health perhaps.
25. Decays.
27. A journey.
28. Truce for table-ware.
29. River mouth of a kind.
31. Vegetable beard.
33. Victim of an 11 down.
34. Lay with stones.
35. Burden here is on you and me.
36. Require.
38. A former queen.
41. May provide solution.
42. Time adjective.
45. Take this from 38.



Solution to last week's puzzle

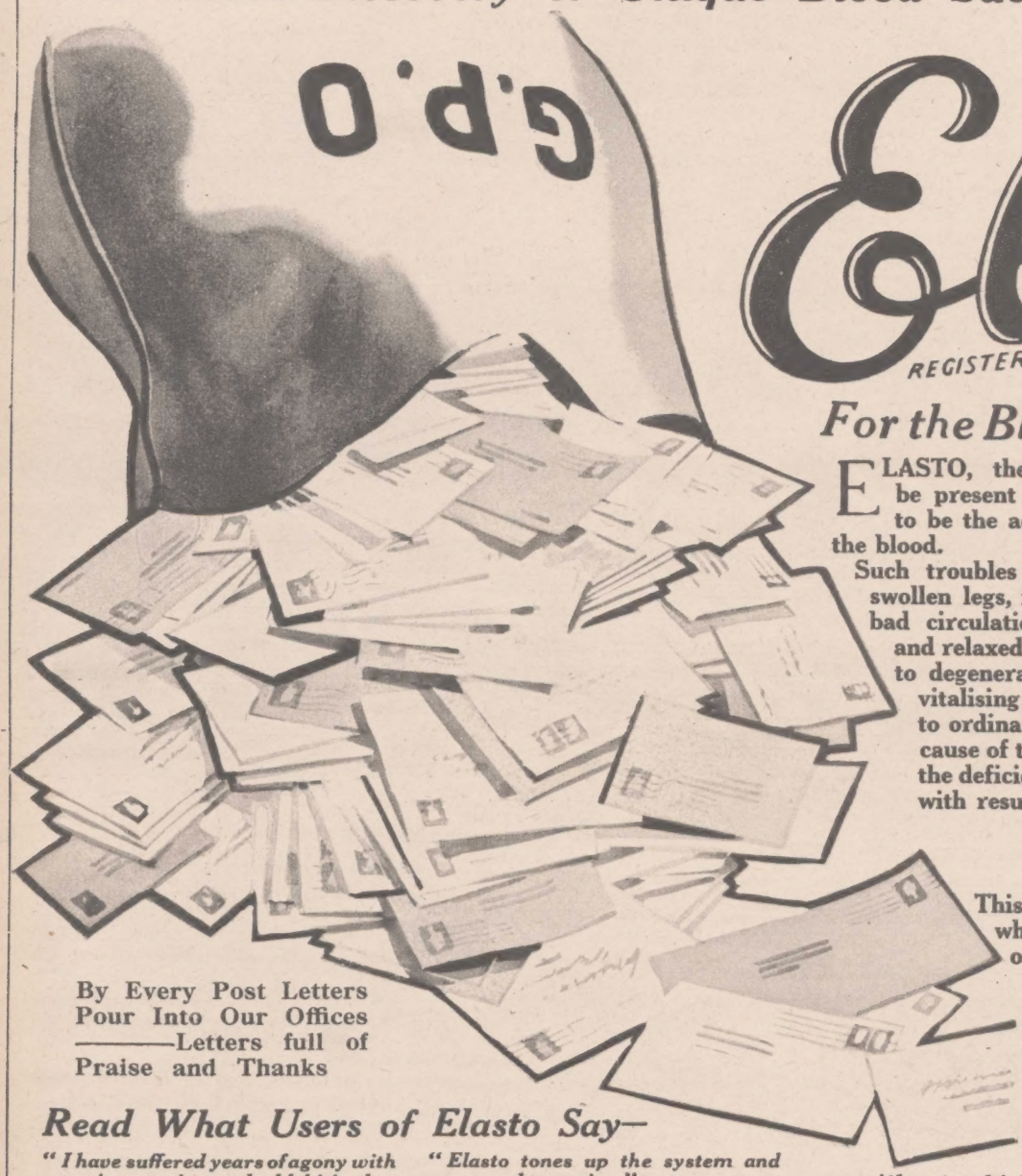
B258 17 L.S.12

Published by ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Printed in Great Britain by the SUN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd.

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!



By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions, in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood*. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 152), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new biomedical remedy, Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

COUPON

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

ELASTO (Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

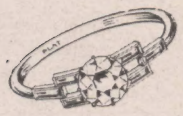
ADDRESS.....

P.S. 10938 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

THE VOGUE *of the* SOLITAIRE

Or SINGLE STONE RING IS GROWING RAPIDLY. ITS VERY SIMPLICITY PLACES IT IN HIGH FAVOUR. IT ALSO AFFORDS AN OPPORTUNITY TO JEWELLERY CRAFTSMEN TO DESIGN THOSE LOVELY MOUNTS THAT ARE A FEATURE OF BRAVINGTONS SOLITAIRE RINGS.



The mode of to-morrow. Mount of Pure Platinum. with Baguette Cut Diamonds. Beautiful White Solitaire Diamond.

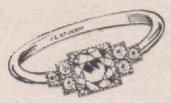
£20·0·0

The perfect solitaire. Specimen Diamond of finest quality. Richly carved mount of Pure Platinum.

£30·0·0

The Arrow Model. Choice White Diamond with Diamond Set arrows. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum.

£9·0·0



A special mount of Pure Platinum Selected White Diamond with 6 Diamonds in setting.

£12·0·0

A Special Offer 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond and Diamond Shoulders.

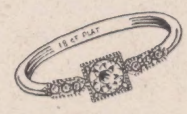
£5·0·0

A Graceful Ring. Specimen Diamond Platinum and 18 carat Gold.

£11·0·0

A neat design. Fine White Diamond Diamond Shoulders 18 carat Solid Gold and Platinum.

£16·0·0



A Fine square setting White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders 18 carat Solid Gold and Platinum..

£7·15·0

Special Value. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders

£6·6·0

A neat Solitaire. Fine Diamond. Nice mount of 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum.

£5·10·0

A very striking mode. Smart mount of Platinum and 18 carat Solid Gold. Lustrous White Solitaire Diamond. Diamond Shoulders.

£7·0·0

Claw Set White Solitaire Diamond with side Diamonds in a choice mount of Pure Platinum.

£13·10·0

The Solitaire Cross-Over. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders.

£8·8·0

An inexpensive ring with Platinum Shoulders White Diamond. 18 carat Solid Gold

£6·0·0

Of elegant design Pure White Diamond Diamond Shoulders Dainty mount of Pure Platinum.

£15·0·0

White Diamond Neat Platinum shoulders. 18 carat Solid Gold.

£6·0·0

A magnificent ring. Lustrous White Specimen Diamond with Baguette Cut Diamonds in a nicely carved mount of Pure Platinum.

£40·0·0

10,000 Rings from which to choose your favourite

POST ORDERS
ATTENDED TO BY AN EFFICIENT STAFF

BRAVINGTONS
rings are the finest value possible and designed by experts The diamonds are purchased direct from the cutters and mounted in our own workshops which ensures the prices being the lowest possible whether wholesale or retail.

For those who require a very valuable ring we have selected this superb example From our stock. Lustrous White Diamond in Fashionable mount of Pure Platinum with matched Baquette Cut Diamonds **£110·0·0**

FREE INSURANCE GIVEN
with every ring of £5 and over covering against Theft, Loss or Damage. *Claims promptly settled.*

An all Platinum Ring with a Fine White Diamond and shoulder Diamonds

£12·12·0

A special offer. White Diamond. Platinum Shoulders. 18 carat Solid Gold.

£4·10·0

WE GIVE BEST PRICES FOR OLD GOLD, SILVER DIAMONDS AND JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
OR A GOOD ALLOWANCE IN EXCHANGE

BRAVINGTONS LTD.

The Cash Jewellers for over Hundred Years

Chief Store **KINGS CROSS. N.1.** (2 DOORS FROM L.N.E.R TERMINUS (OPEN UNTIL 9 P.M. ON SATURDAYS)

189 BROMPTON Rd. S.W.3. (LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE.)

6, GRAND BLDGS, STRAND, W.C.2 FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE

71 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4 (UNDER THE RAILWAY ARCH)

22 ORCHARD STREET, W.1 (100 YARDS FROM OXFORD STREET)

CUT OUT & POST FOR ½d OR PHONE TERMINUS 3131

COUPON

To BRAVINGTONS LTD. KINGS CROSS. N.1. RING BOOK CLOCK BOOK

Please forward, post free the following:- WATCH BOOK BRIDE BOOK

NAME ..... CROSS OUT ITEMS NOT REQUIRED

ADDRESS ..... P.S.10.9.8.